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LETTER
TO
HENRY DUNCOMBE, Esq.

MEMBER FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK,

ON THE

SUBJECT

OF THE VERY

EXTRAORDINARY PAMPHLET,

LATELY ADDRESSED BY

68 MR. BURKE,

TO A

NOBLE LORD.

BY WILLIAM MILES. (W.A.)

THE THIRD EDITION.

"If you are for a Republic, why do you not make it in a direct
and manly Way? Why not openly declare your Intentions? If you
ask whether I hate a Republican Speculation, I will answer, NO! I
love, revere, and adore the true Principles of a Republic!"

*Edmund Burke in the House of Commons,
Tuesday, January 27, 1789.*

LONDON:

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HOUSE, PICCADILLY,

1796.

LETTER

TO

HENRY DUNCOMBE

MINISTER OF THE COURT OF COMMONS

AT THE

SUBJECT

OF THE

EXTRAORDINARY TAMPONET



NOBLE LORD

BY WILLIAM MILLER

THE SECOND EDITION

Printed by W. Miller, at the British Museum, in the Strand, London.

LONDON: Printed by W. Miller, at the British Museum, in the Strand, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Pall-Mall, March 11th, 1796.

A PASSAGE is omitted in the thirty-third page, in tenderness to the wounded feelings of some near relations of a gentleman who is no more, but on whose memory, not the most distant reflection was ever intended. In a few hours after the appearance of the first edition, three gentlemen called at my lodgings, and desired to speak to me, if I was perfectly at leisure; on being admitted, they announced themselves as the nearest relations of Mr. Burke; I requested them to be seated; they informed me that they waited on me, under great affliction of mind, in consequence of a passage in my letter which seemed to convey a stigma on their deceased friend, and

which gave them inexpressible pain,—that they did not mean to enter into the subject of any other part of the letter. They acknowledged that they had nothing to do with it, but that they had been deeply affected, with what they had pointed out as objectionable, and, without consulting any one else, had resolved to wait on me and request it to be erased. I assured them, that it was, at all times, the farthest from my intention, to wantonly inflict pain, or give offence to unoffending individuals; that taking a retrospective view of Mr. Burke's life, and supposing that vices, as well as virtues, descended from father to son—assuming that idea, as a fact, I had said, that “*What was a calamity to the former, ought to be hailed as a blessing to the country,*” and that in such a sense only, I desired it to be read and understood.

They declared themselves satisfied with the explanation, but as the world, perhaps, would not understand it in that light, and it was a matter that gave them infinite distress, from the affection they bore to the memory of their departed relation, they would
esteem

ADVERTISEMENT.

esteem it as a favor, if I would erase in the subsequent editions, what had given so much uneasiness in the first. Pleased with a piety that did them so much honor, I told them, that I would not allow them to solicit as a favor, what their decorum and feelings, entitled them to claim as a right, and that they might be assured the whole of the passage, which had given them so much pain, should be expunged, in justice to what I felt due to wounded sensibility. They acknowledged themselves much obliged, and left me. If others should have fallen into a similar error, and should have equally misunderstood my meaning, I refer them to a passage in the first edition, where it will appear that the person whose premature death has been so affectionately deplored by his generous relations, participates of the just tribute I have paid to one, who was much nearer allied to me, and certainly much dearer to me, in every respect, than he could possibly have been to the gentlemen who called upon me, and when they refer to page 98, in the first edition, and read, “ that Mr. Burke* is not the only man who

* “ Mr. Burke, believe me, Sir, is not the only man who has to lament the loss of departed excellence!”

Vide p. 94, of this edit. and p. 98 of the former.

has to lament the loss of *departed excellence*,"
 they will then acquit me, as I trust the world
 will, of having even the most distant intention
 to reflect on either the memory, or the charac-
 ter, of their deceased and invaluable friend,
 who is happily relieved from all the vain con-
 tentions of this bustling world. Had Mr.
 Burke felt the same respect as these gentle-
 men for the hallowed precincts of the grave;
 had he, like them, respected the sepulchre,
 he would not have broken into the sanctu-
 ary of death, resolved on sacrilege and mur-
 der! He would not have disturbed the aw-
 ful silence of the tomb, nor in the still and
 solemn hour of night, have wandered through
 the dreary, consecrated vault, a spectre,
 amidst spectres! wreaking his mean and
 impotent revenge, on departed and defence-
 less greatness!—He would not have forced
 the peaceful mansion of repose, assassin
 like, with a dagger in one hand and a dark
 lanthorn in the other, to trample on the
 scattered, sad remains of human grandeur! He
 would not have sought his zig-zag way
 amidst the wrecks and ruins of unnumbered
 years, to stab at once, the *living* and the *dead*.
 We should not have seen him winding his
 impious

impious course, with slow, but cautious step, lest echo, ever on the watch, should awaken him to remorse and shame; we should not have seen him abashed and conscious of his guilt, turn, coward like, from the clay cold corpse of patriot worth, from the shade of injured Ruffel, (a nation's pride, and monarch's shame!) lest he should have felt, once more, the sacred, animating glow of **PUBLIC VIRTUE!**

His hatred, boundless and eternal, spurns each mild and generous sentiment, and we behold a mind formed for the noblest purposes, and a heart susceptible of the tenderest sympathy, degraded into the active servile instruments of the basest passion! O God, that so much excellence, that such rare, such wonderful endowments, should have been so perverted! What a contrast does the piety of the gentlemen who waited on me last Monday, form to that of their living friend and relation!—Mr. Burke penetrated to the very extremity of the tomb, to drag from his peaceful urn, the ancestor of the Duke of Bedford, and for what purpose? The cha-

acter

character of his Grace cannot be impeached by the vices of his ancestor, nor can the crimes of Mr. Ruffel, in 1550, justify the grant which Mr. Burke has dexterously obtained, of a pension in 1793. There is no parallel in the two cases; there is nothing analogous between them. Mr. Burke cannot mean to say, that if, in the event of its appearing to Parliament, the pension is enormous, and not merited, it ought to be recalled, that the immense landed property of the Ruffel family should also be resumed: He cannot mean any such thing, for, on that principle, he would shake all the possessions of antient inheritance in the kingdom, and whether the Duke of Bedford is ill or well advised; whether his Grace frequents good or bad company; or whether he is right, or whether he is wrong in his politics, neither his conduct, nor that of his ancestor in the reign of Henry VIII. have any thing in common, with the different annuities that have been granted to Mr. Burke from the public purse, at the close of the 18th century, and having no relation with the argument, it was illiberal, as well as irrelevant to the subject, to rake among the ashes of the
dead,

dead, for matter of reproach to the *living*, and which, when found, could not possibly apply. If I have reprobated a conduct, that appears to me to be something more than reprehensible with uncommon warmth, I beg it may be remembered, that my language, in no part of the subsequent letter, is marked with those strong and gross personalities with which Mr. Burke has accustomed himself to treat those whom he has opposed through life. I request the favor of those who are inclined to censure me for severity, to have the candor to recollect the gross scurrilities with which he insulted Mr. Hastings, for a series of years, in a situation where the object of his abuse, or rather, as he imagined, the victim of his malevolence, was bound hand and foot, precluded all means of defence, and compelled to suffer all the indignities, and to hear all the calumnies, false and malicious as they were, which his unfeeling Persecutor, in a torrent of eloquence worthy of a better cause, had the wanton malignity to let loose against him. The frequent appeals of Mr. Hastings to the justice and humanity of the Court, against the cruel

and unmanly aspersions of Mr. Burke, must be fresh in every man's memory. But Mr. Hastings is not the only instance in which the gentleman, who is the object of these animadversions, has given full latitude to personal abuse; even the Sovereign, who has extended his royal compassion, with a munificence worthy of the empire and of himself, (for I deny that Mr. Burke has *deserved* the remuneration he has received) was for some time the selected chosen object of his invective and abuse, and particularly at a moment when "*despondency prevailed throughout the nation; when every face was marked with woe, and every cheek bedewed with tears,*"* anxious for the return of health to a monarch deservedly beloved, whose preservation, at all times devoutly to be wished, was rendered still more so then, from the peculiar and distressing circumstances of the moment. Yet it was at that moment, and when his Majesty was unhappily labouring under one of the heaviest misfortunes, that can befall humanity in its rude passage from the cradle, to

* Vide p. 31, of the Letter to the Duke of Grafton.

the grave, that Mr. Burke had the unfeeling insolence to his Sovereign at all times, and his very munificent Benefactor at present, to insult him,

With respect to the warmth, with which I may be reproached, let the language that Mr. Burke has uniformly held in Parliament, and in the House of Lords on the trial of Mr. Hastings, be recollected before sentence is passed on that of mine. Let his coarse and unprovoked abuse of individuals, on a variety of occasions, be remembered, and it will then be acknowledged, that even where I have been the most intemperate, that I have only dealt by him, as he as dealt by others, and given him measure for measure. In a word, let the whole of Mr. Burke's public history, for it is on that he grounds his claim to public reward, be stated to the nation, agreeable to his own prodigally detailed items of it, in the letter addressed to a Noble Lord, and then let the nation pronounce, whether he ought, in decency, to have accepted of so large a portion of its wealth as the following statement; which statement, of course, supersedes, and renders

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unnecessary, the one already given, and which would have been omitted, if this had come in time.

£. 1200 per annum, chargeable on the Civil List for the lives of - { Edmund Burke, Esq. and his Wife, and the survivor of them, by warrant dated Sept. 24, 1795, and to commence from Jan. 5, 1793.

1160 per annum, payable out of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. duties, for the lives of - { Edmund Burke, Esq. Lord Royston, and Anchitel Grey, Esq. and the survivor of them by patent, dated Oct. 24, 1795, to commence July 24, 1793.

1340 per annum, payable out of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. duties, for the lives of - { The Princess Amelia, Lord Althorpe, and William Cavendish, Esq. by patent dated Oct. 24, 1795, to commence from July 24, 1793.

The two latter Mr. Burke is said to have sold for THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS, after having taken care to receive what was due on them. Will any one say, after this, that he does not understand bargains?

A LET.

LETTER,

&c.

DEAR SIR,

IT was imagined that Mr. Burke, for a variety of reasons would, on his debts being paid, and his necessities provided for by a pension on three lives, have quietly resigned himself to the wise dispensations of Providence, and sought refuge in his Breviary from all the multiplied mortifications to which he had been exposed by a mind debased, crippled, and ulcerated, even to a gangrene, by the consciousness of versatile guilt.

His chaplet and rosary, it was thought, would have exercised his meek faculties in a species

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of

of arithmetic, very different to that which he had studied in his commerce with a profane world ; and as his rosary and chaplet had been long in disuse, they would have come back to his embraces with all the captivating charms of novelty. Those who gave Mr. Burke credit for the piety he professes, expected that those holy facilities to salvation would have administered consolation and amusement to his dis-tempered imagination, and rendered the cloisters of Beaconsfield no less acceptable, in the evening and decline of life, than its merry hall and festive apartments had been in the proud and happy days of ripened full-blown vanity.

If on examining his account with offended Heaven, the sum total of his manifold transgressions, bearing hard upon his conscience, and awakening his fears for the future, had murdered hope, a confessor might have been found, without much difficulty, whose charity would have kept pace with the delinquency of his penitent, and who, on the mere semblance of contrition, would readily have granted a full and entire remission of sins, without subjecting the venerable offender to the rude trial of any very very severe or humiliating penance.

Mr.

Mr. Burke is not wholly unacquainted with the accommodating spirit of the Romish clergy; he has mixed much with that description of people, and must have observed, that they are as indulgent to those of their own persuasion, as they are insolent, intolerant, and inexorable to all others. His confessions in early life cannot be altogether effaced from his memory; the recollection of them may possibly have operated as a stimulus to that zeal with which he endeavours to replunge an emancipated world once more into ignorance, barbarism, and vassalage; nor can any thing short of the grossest turpitude or delusion enable us to account for his extreme solicitude to reinstate the Mother Church, in all that pomp and omnipotence which more enlightened times have happily wrested from her iniquitous pride and usurpation.

I hope it will not offend the extreme piety of this competitor for one of his Majesty's titles—this *new defender* of exploded faith—when I assert, that he is entitled to claim as a right, all that Rome has to bestow in the way of absolution. I cannot think that the holy pontiff of the present day, great as his consternation and alarm must be in this awful mo-

ment of universal dread and despondency,* can have overlooked such transcendent merit, or deny its strong claim to reward in the next

* It is not, perhaps, generally known in this country, that the cedulae, or paper money, at Rome, which had the same credit and currency of our bank notes, are at this moment at 30 *per cent.* discount. That the holy treasury, in which the acquisitions from oeconomy under this pontificate, were enormous, and to which access only could be had by the joint concurrence of the pope, the cardinals, and the senators; that the sacred coffer which contained this immense treasure, fortified and secured under treble locks, to each of which there was a separate key, have had their ponderous bolts driven back, in virtue of the only power that could have done it, an unanimous resolve of the parties tripartite; that *the church is in imminent danger*, and this fund has been almost dissipated in regimenting, maintaining, and decorating, a rabble the most sanguinary and debauched, perhaps, in Europe, with great coats and cloaks, who never knew what cloathing was, and which a mild and beneficent climate has rendered, in some degree, useless; where numbers sleep under no other canopy than that of Heaven, and where many of them were begotten and produced! the streets their cradle and abode! what direction will these men take with arms in their hands, when the funds are exhausted by which they are at present so prodigally maintained, and which, not arising from revenue or commerce, erpious contributions, as in days of yore, must soon fail? But this question applies to other nations as well as to Rome, and those who can behold the present prospect of affairs unmoved, and without alarm for the future, must have stronger nerves and a greater share of philosophy than I can boast.

That

next world, although he has little or nothing left to bestow in this. I cannot think that

Mr.

That you may be convinced I do not state at random the impoverished condition of the Holy Treasury, I annex the extract of a letter I have lately received from a person of high rank who was on the spot, and on whose veracity I can depend. It is a curious but faithful account of the morals and finances of Rome at the close of the 18th century.

" Je crois que le tresor de Sixte V. etait de 18 millions d'ecus Romains, 4 ecus Romains pour votre livre sterling.

" Ce que vous dites de plus est juste.

" Le Pape a du lever 18 mille hommes, en 1792.

Le tresor est vuide maintenant ; les cédules perdent 30 pour 100 ; et le Pape vient de mettre un impôt ; les Biens Ecclesiastiques sont imposés un quart.—Voici au vieil adage Romain en Pasquinien :

Semper sub Sextis, perdita Roma fuit.

" et sa sainteté glorieusement régnante s'appelle Pie VI."

" Je vais maintenant vous tenir parole, mon cher ami, pour les dévotions du peuple Romain alliées à la scélératesse.

" C'est à l'Ara cœli, Couvent de Recollets à la Place du Capitole, où une image miraculeuse de l'enfant Jesus en bois couvert de diamans est conservée dans une chapelle intérieure du Couvent, sous le nom du Bambino. Le concours du peuple y est prodigieux ; chaque jour, à chaque instant, surtout les soirs à l'heure de l'Avé Maria, les 130 et quelques marches de marbre qui conduisent du sol de la rue, à la porte de l'église, sont couvertes de personnes de tout age, et de tout sexe, qui en disant leur chapelet en particulier, montent les degrés de cet escalier à genoux, et dans les cases formées dans le marbre

" par

Mr. Burke will be forgotten, where the Abbé Maury has been so well remembered; the pretensions of the prelate in Italy, compared to those of his *lay brother* in England, are trifling and unimportant, and cannot come in competition with the indefatigable labours of the Beaconsfield hermit. The proscribed cardinal, for

“ par les genoux ; d'où vous pouvez juger du nombre prodigieux des dévots.

“ Il faut bénir Dieu de cette piété sans doute ; mais il faut frémir aussi et bien davantage des sentimens qui la dictent. Cette foule innombrable n'est ainsi dévote que par excès de perversité ; c'est un fils qui vient demander à Bambino, la mort de son père ; c'est une fille qui vient prier le Bambino de la faire avorter ; c'est un amant qui vient supplier le Bambino de lui faire trouver à l'écart le mari de sa maitresse, pour pouvoir l'assassiner en sûreté ; c'est cette femme adultere, qui vient conjurer le Bambino, de ne pas découvrir l'empoisonnement de son mari, &c. &c.

“ La Scala Santa de 33 marches de Marbre, et d'autres édifices sacrés, près de St. Jean de Latran, est tellement usée par les genoux des affluens qu'on n'y peut plus monter, et que chaque marche est recouverte d'une autre marche en bois, &c. &c. &c.

“ Mais quand j'aurais une bouche de fer,

“ Toujours parlant, je ne pourrais suffire,

“ Mon cher lecteur, à te nombrer & dire,

“ Combien de saints on rencontre enfer.

“ Car tous les pelerins marmotans, se croient tous des saints, parcequ'ils ont dit ave ; ou prié le Bambino, avant ou après leurs crimes.”

Yet Mr. Burke would preserve these superstitions—perhaps from an affection for their effects !

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he is every where abhorred, contented himself with endeavouring to retain France (grown ref-
tative) within the limits of feudal vassalage and
obedience; but his fellow-labourer in favour of
ancient frauds and abuses, with a mind more
enlarged, and with views far more extensive,
animated by the indiscriminating zeal of a con-
vert newly made, and inflamed almost to mad-
ness, by the ardor and vehemence of a fanati-
cism entirely his own, would willingly restore
ancient abuses to their former credit, and make
the infallibility of the Pope once more the stan-
dard of our faith, and the object of our adora-
tion. All these exertions are well known to the
entire clergy of Rome, whose prayers and be-
nedictions, whose spurious and adulterate em-
braces are preferred to the affectionate and le-
gitimate careffes of the country of which he was
once considered its brightest ornament, and that
has every claim to his gratitude, his services,
and attachment.

His toil in behalf of discarded tyranny and
superstition, may deserve recompence, but from
whom? Surely not from this country or its go-
vernment. Let Mr. Burke seek recompence
from those whom he has laboured to serve, and
not from those whom it is known he has in-
jured. Let his attachment to tyranny and su-
perstition meet with favour from those who are
be-

benefitted by their preservation, I have no objection. The various interests of this double curse on manhood have had his earliest and his latest cares, from the very moment that freedom dawned on France.

From that very instant, and before even prescience itself could foresee the wild and merciless fury, with which the beautiful statue of liberty has been polluted, mutilated, and defaced in that distracted country, Mr. Burke's efforts were exerted to preserve to its sleek and pampered clergy, the full monopoly they enjoyed for ages, in the profitable barter of relics, miracles, dispensations, plenary indulgences, pardons, and all the disgusting buffooneries which imposture, aided by credulity and power, had contrived, manufactured, and converted into stable, lucrative, merchantable commodities, for the triple purpose of enriching a profligate voluptuous priesthood, cozening the deluded nations of the earth, and brutalizing the human species over the whole surface of the habitable globe ! What an immense trade, my dear Sir, was carried on for centuries between dead saints and living sinners ! Every church, chapel, and cathedral in the service of Rome, had its huckster's stall or shop, where a reverend commission-broker constantly attended, ready to deliver from his purified hands each wonder-

der-working article, to the different descriptions of deluded Christians, who flocked in crowds to the ecclesiastical market, in the pious hope of purchasing health, cures, and intercessions from saints; and, dare I repeat the execrable profanation? remission of sins, and the release of pounded souls in purgatory from Heaven! This fraudulent, this blasphemous barter, Mr. Burke seems anxious to preserve, under the flimsy, stale, and artful pretext, that all establishments ought to be held sacred. If this man was in his dotage, I could account for his absurdities, contradictions, and even for his mischievous fallies, in the imbecilities of a mind driven to despair, and worn out by its own irritations; but he pretends to sanity, Sir, and he may be considered as sane, as long as he is suffered to go about at large and without a keeper. Admitting then that he perfectly understands what he is doing, and that he is sincere in his *present* opinions, it is evident that he has no objections to the dishonourable traffic that enriches knaves at the expence of fools, and which has had no inconsiderable share in corrupting the morals of Europe. He does not feel shocked nor scandalized at the impious effrontery of a priest standing proxy for the Divinity, and making God give the lie to his own commandments! Virtue compromising with vice, and the bounty of Heaven put up

to public auction, have nothing in them to shock or offend the piety of Mr. Burke; even murder, the most atrocious of all crimes, and against which the irrevocable curse of the Almighty stands registered in sacred writ, became licensed, and even authorized and sanctioned, whenever the church, always distressed or avaricious, found it convenient to her purpose to protect the assassin!

I will pass over the ill-concealed debaucheries of the religious of both sexes of the catholic religion, whose vows should bind them to prayers, abstinence, and chastity; I will forbear, in compassion to the refugee bishops from France, all comments on the reiterated vows of chastity and celibacy, which the clergy of their persuasion voluntarily make in the face of Heaven, and as voluntarily violate in the face of their mistresses; neither will I dwell on the well-authenticated tales of nuns and friars, from the very first establishment of monasteries, playing at Adam and Eve in their subterranean recesses, running about from convent to convent, like rabbits in their burrows, and consigning the wretched produce of their illicit amours, to a premature dissolution, before nature had ripened the miserable embryos into shape or existence.

If Mr. Burke should question the truth of these facts, or if the mysteries of these pious brothels should, peradventure, afford him any pleasure in the recital, I refer him to his friends the French clergy in England, who can give him abundant information on all these topics. The facts that I have stated are too notorious to be denied—they are certainly too atrocious to be defended. Yet Mr. Burke, who is so anxious to preserve the beauty, symmetry, and just proportions of the moral world, cries sacrilege when it is attempted to purge these holy receptacles of accumulated filth; these vaults and caverns, above and under ground, where those who are wedded to Christ, carry on an adulterous commerce with man. Mr. Burke tells us that they are sacred depositories, never to be approached but with awe and veneration!

Mr. Burke, who declaims on the wholesome properties of religion, its uses, objects, and ultimate ends, with all the glow and vivid heat that belongs to an heart warm even to enthusiasm in the cause of virtue; Mr. Burke, who contends with frantic violence on the necessity of preserving all the rites, forms, appendages, and multifarious abuses of the Roman Catholic religion, as indispensably connected with the peace, happiness, and very existence of civil so-

ciety; Mr. Burke, who would pervert our understandings and debauch our hearts, by the rich eloquence of his wonderfully well-gifted mind, has himself taught us to distrust his sincerity, and reject his opinions, not only from the little regard he has shewn through life for either, but from the indecency of maintaining that institutions, known to be vicious and corrupt in principle as well as in practice, should be held sacred and consecrated to all eternity; that no part of any ecclesiastical establishment is to be approached by unhallowed hands, or even gazed at, by profane eyes, and, least of all, should their abuses be examined, lest those who would reform them, should have less of the saint than the sinner in them. Good God! my dear Sir, if such arguments had prevailed in the days of Mary, the proper sovereign for such a subject! Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, and all the great trading towns in England, would have been crammed with monasteries instead of manufactories: our adventurous seamen, who proudly bring home the rich freights of a tributary world, would have been smooth-faced Recollects or bearded Capuchins; instead of the various orders of merit with which a just and discriminating monarch rewards valour in the field, wisdom in the cabinet, and virtue every where else; we should have been insulted with a perpetual view of the six orders of mendicant friars

friars, with all the sloth, vices, and irregularities, that follow in their foul and pestilential train, they alone would have been known to us, and even Mr. Burke, the gross libeller of the Duke of Bedford, and the fulsome panegyrist of Lord Grenville; Mr. Burke, the intrepid champion of a nation's rights, at one period of his life, and a pensioned, servile, and degraded sycophant at another, would, perhaps, have been a lazy, voluptuous Benedictine at Woburn or St. Alban's, or a barefooted Carmelite with a crucifix in one hand and a string of beads in the other, levying, as at present, but in a less productive way, contributions on the sons and daughters of industry for his support. What is it to the present age, and of what consequence can it be to future ages, whether Luther was provoked to quarrel with Leo, because he favoured the Dominicans with the sale of indulgences instead of the Augustines? Are we to deny, or to reject the good that resulted from the revolt, because the motive was not absolutely disinterested? What is it to us, or to our posterity, that the jealousy of a monk, and the wild and ungovernable lust of a tyrant, produced those greatly beneficial changes in the 15th and 16th centuries, which history, more just than Mr. Burke, has dignified with the honourable appellation of reform, and which, if he had lived in those times, and
been

been allowed to carve confiscations for himself, his brothers, and his cousins, he would not, perhaps, have found fault with!

If the motives of men are to be scrutinized with that rigid severity, which belongs only to that Being whose name appears to be very fluent in the mouth of Mr. Burke, while his precepts are neglected or forgotten, what judgment will an impartial and well-informed posterity pass on those, which provoked the *Right Honourable Gentleman*, as he is called by courtesy, in direct opposition to fact, for the unrelenting fury with which he persecuted Mr. Hastings? The vices of Luther and of Henry ultimately tended to good; but what good has resulted, nay, what good can result, from having pursued the Governor-General in India, for a series of years, with all the savage ferocity of canine madness?

The victim fixed upon to glut the almost insatiate rancour of his persecutor, has been declared innocent, and Mr. Burke is compelled to bow to the verdict, which, in absolving the accused, pronounces, in some degree, guilt on the accuser. Would Mr. Burke wish the motives of *all* his actions to be tried by that species of *ex parte* evidence, upon which he pretends that the great changes that are perpetually taking place in the moral and political world, should

should be pronounced salutary or pernicious? I do not think that he would acknowledge the jurisdiction of such a court—he is certainly too well read in the history of human nature: he has been too long initiated, believe me, Sir, in all its vile and corrupt practices, and he is too well acquainted with all the curves, intricacies, subterfuges, and serpentine mazes of the heart, not to know that the motives of men are very various, very fluctuating, and, certainly, very unsafe rules for the measurement of human actions—abolish and universally efface all the vast variety of improvements, that have been made in legislation and mechanics, in the arts and in the sciences, whose origin is bastard or mongrel, that cannot produce a full and complete pedigree of motives pure and uncontaminated from the parent stock, such as a college of heralds in High Germany, would be satisfied with; and then figure to yourself, Sir, what a dark, dreary, and desolate waste, Europe would be at this moment—what a very Greenland with respect to comfort, and how nearly allied its wretched inhabitants would be in ignorance and in manners, to the miserable, ruthless, and ferocious natives of New Zealand! Sir, Mr. Burke knows, as well as you and I, that it is not fair, that it is illiberal, and that it may sometimes be unjust, to question the purity of men's motives, when they contend for
any

any great and essential change in the conduct of human affairs—the very magnitude of the projected change is an argument in their favour, and if good is to be the result, why suspect those of sinister intentions, who proposed it? Believe me, Sir, that this strenuous advocate for a *corps de noblesse*, in motives perfectly chaptiralle, knew, that what he contended for, is not always to be had, and his object, be assured, was merely to obtain credit for a degree of purity, that he does not deserve.

No man that has acted a part in the great drama of public life has demonstrated more strongly than Mr. Burke—

“That mens’ faces are often wizards to their hearts!”

and when the mask yields profit as well as sport, no man enjoys the carnival with greater glee, whether it is held at Venice or in Westminster Hall, at Beaconsfield, or at the Treasury. Hence we may account for his being a Deist in 1756, a whig bordering upon Jacobinism in 1770—a confirmed republican in 1789—*whip presto*, a furious royalist in 1790—and in 1796 a no less furious Jacobin.—Sir, all these transmigrations would have been laughable, but for the mischiefs and misfortunes that have resulted from them.

The

The credit he acquired from his talents, invigorated an opposition which thought they could not do without him, while it was a part of their system to perpetually worry and tease ministers, right or wrong; his importance, less real than assumed, rendered his acquisition an object to government, and they had him, but he has only joined them, to dishonour and perplex them.

I do not know, whether it was a part of his engagement, to ring changes on the abuses of the French Revolution, until he deafened us with their clamour; but however he may affect to reprobate the theory of that philosophy in France, which he pretends has excited so much horror and alarm in his breast, I am sure that his conduct through life has favoured very strongly of the practice. Leaving aside the motives of mankind, into which it can answer no good purpose to wander, and with which, in fact, we have little or nothing to do; the only points for consideration are, whether existing abuses of any kind whatever, ought to receive the sanction of positive written law, or the still more venerable sanction of prescriptive right; and whether establishments, notoriously injurious to public and private morals, of no possible good whatever to society, but, on the contrary, evidently hurtful

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in all their various operations, to the general interests of the community, should be suffered to remain? I have the authority of Mr. Burke, at one period of his life, for asserting, that they *ought not*—I have the same authority, at another period, for asserting, that they ought to be venerated, and preserved in all their integrity to the very end of time!

It is due to the celebrity that he possesses, without enjoying it, and to the favour he has, at a very advanced age obtained, and never deserved, to inquire, which of the decisions it becomes a free and enlightened people to adopt? Take the authorities in the order of time that they have occurred, and acknowledge, that in quoting Mr. Burke against Mr. Burke, I do nothing more, than measure justice to him by his own standard of right, a standard from which, thank Heaven, he has no cognizable appeal in this world, whatever his faith, guaranteed by absolution, may lead him to expect in the next!

I respect the prejudices of the Right Hon. Gentleman, too much to banter him any longer on the indecent partiality which he has lately evinced for a *culte*, that tends to degrade the understanding, and pervert the heart; I shall say little more to him, unless provoked, on the
subject

subject of a religion, which deserves expulsion by its maxims, and which is fit only for tyrants and slaves—in which faith is every thing, and morals nothing; and which is as gross an insult to the common sense of mankind, as it is injurious to virtue, and hostile to civil liberty.

To whatever cause Mr. Burke's predilection for this pantomime worship may be attributed, whether he seriously believes in the nonsense of transubstantiation, and the other unintelligible dogmas, at which even faith, blind, docile, and flexible as it is, revolts, and reason spurns; or whether he would preserve it as an instrument of state to curb unruly spirits, and hold them in subjection to usurped authority: in a word, whether Mr. Burke is a dupe or an accomplice, it is equally to be lamented; that he did not keep his promise, and remain in "*sorrow and obscurity a desolated old man, dead at once to the affairs and pleasures of this world.*" Without having exactly the same motive which he has assigned for courting obscurity, and indulging in sorrow, I had made up my mind, if not to quit the metropolis, at least to remain a silent spectator of events, and to wait the final issue of a war, whose greatest disasters have not yet reached us: many reasons urged me to this decision. I perceived, that the part

I occasionally took in politics, was frequently misunderstood, and still more frequently misrepresented. The evils arising from the former are much easier remedied than those which result from the latter; the one is passive, ready at any time to measure back its ground to the fair standard of truth, and always disposed to receive explanations; but the other is of a very different character, it is active, obdurate, and false, from principle; impatient of controul, and aided by malice and calumny, its sets vindication at defiance. You will allow that no credit can result from contending with such an adversary.

If the interest that I take in the prosperity of my country, and the general happiness of mankind, had been less ardent and sincere, or if my own personal advantage had ever seriously occupied my attention, I should have come forward with extreme circumspection, and certainly in a manner to have advanced me in the esteem of one party, in proportion as I became obnoxious to the other. But I am not a party man. I cannot descend to the frivolous detail of family compacts, and combinations of private persons among individuals of the same community, for the purpose of acquiring, or rather of usurping the whole power of the country for the benefit of themselves and their assigns.

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All this miserable detail, of what may be called parish politics, is foreign to my taste, habits, and pursuits; nor is the man, in my opinion, qualified to take any share in public affairs, who has not more enlarged views, with a disposition to resist, and even to despise the little temporary distinctions and advantages, which servility might obtain in favor of vanity or pride. I have never, at any one period of my life, supported men in office but with the honest view, and humble hope of contributing (however trifling the quota) my poor contingency to the general stock of national grandeur and felicity. I was once credulous enough to believe, that all men who took a part in public affairs, acted under the same impulse; experience, my dear Sir, has convinced me of my error, and it may possibly contribute to my future comfort, and, perhaps, to my security, that I am no longer under so dangerous a delusion.

I remember once dining with a gentleman who was formerly in Parliament, and with whom I have lived in habits of familiar intercourse; but he much shocked me by questioning the honesty of all men in politics:—arguing from my own feelings, and referring him to my own history, I supported a contrary opinion.—Experience, however, has convinced
me,

me, that my friend, although far from being right to the full extent of his assertion, knew mankind much better than I did.

It is within every man's observation, and I sincerely wish it was as generally reprobated as it is generally known, that the man who acts independent of party, has little chance of being attended to by either—both parties have an interest in decrying him, and if he attaches himself to one of them, every means will be employed by the other to discredit him. If from a love of order (and what well-constructed mind but must love it?) he supports government, he is branded by opposition as venal; and if on the other hand he opposes the measures of the crown from a love of right, he is declared to be factious or disaffected. My very name, I believe, was unknown to the present Minister, when in the infancy of his administration, at a distance from this country, and with very little information, but what the public prints afforded me, I stood forward a volunteer in his support; Mr. Fox had broke his word with the nation, and if I was disgusted at his breach of promise to the country, it was not likely that I should be less so at his coalescing with the man whom I still think, he ought to have brought to public justice. The youth
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of Mr. Pitt pleaded strongly in his behalf, and as his arguments in favour of parliamentary reform, were as eloquent as they were conclusive, I gave him full credit for a degree of rectitude and good faith, equal to the astonishing force and splendor of his abilities. My affection for a measure which I have long had at heart, and which must sooner or later be accomplished, if it is meant to save the constitution, for it is only by *reform* that *innovation* can be prevented, may, perhaps, have rendered me partial; yet, whether I have been mistaken or correct in my opinion, my mind will ever cheerfully revert to those epochs in his administration, which must ensure to him the affection of his country, while gratitude is something more than a sentiment among us. The share that he had in trampling down a coalition which dishonoured all parties, and endangered the peace of the kingdom; his Commercial Treaty, which many of those who opposed it have since had the candor to approve; and his manly, dignified conduct at the time of the regency, when Parliament, faithful to its duty, stood between the Sovereign and the danger that menaced him, will ever entitle Mr. Pitt to the thanks of the nation, and to a considerable portion of its confidence and esteem. This is the credit-side, I own, but the account is fair and honourable;

able; it is within every man's recollection, and cannot be disputed.

It is not for the purpose of offering incense to the First Lord of the Treasury, that I have given this statement, for I am really very ill calculated to make my fortune by flattery; it is a pitiful and dishonourable road: but were I ever so well disposed to take it, Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding my good wishes towards him, is, however, the last man in the world to whom I would pay court. The gentlemen who are in the constant habits of opposing him may possibly doubt this fact; and the little credit that is given to political writing in general, is one among many other reasons, that decided me to withdraw myself from politics, or at least to remain silent, until my character was better known, the purity of those motives acknowledged, which have invariably influenced my conduct through life, and which can alone give efficacy to my exertions, or satisfaction to myself. I had communicated this intention to you, and several other friends; Mr. Burke has compelled me to change this resolution, necessary as it is to my repose, and to hazard myself once more on the turbulent and tempestuous ocean of politics; very contrary, indeed, to my wishes, and very repugnant to my feelings; but I am pledged, and must, in discharge
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of an obligation contracted in March 1794,* come forward to notice another production from the pen of that gentleman, pray heaven it may be his last ! whose rank and sulphurous disposition to mischief, is likely to blaze, even to the last glimmering of his expiring lamp. Has he not already done this country sufficient wrong, that he comes tottering back from the bleak confines of the sepulchre, with fury in his haggard countenance, to ensure the ruin that he has left unfinished, and blast us with the contagion of his poison ? Is he not yet satiated, has his capacious stomach still room for more, that he comes furcharged with bile, even from the extreme verge of eternity, struggling with destiny, that calls him from the *pleasures and affairs of this world* to sorrow and repentance, but calls in vain ? Can neither age nor misfortune, infirmity nor public execration, restrain this curse and mischief on the land, this fiend and lunatic, within his cell ? Is the family of Monroe, or his successors, no more ? Has this man no kind friend, or faithful domestic, of sufficient piety or courage to bind him in a strait waistcoat, and make him harmless against his

* Vide a note at page 41, in the Letter addressed to the Duke of Grafton ; at the end of which it is declared, that if ever Mr. Burke came forward again, I would meet him. He has come forward, and I have kept my word.

very nature? Sir, his very mind is out of joint, and he would render the times so if he could, that he might enjoy the mad banquet in its wildest perfection. 'This man, this strange, this inexplicable compound of all that is captivating in genius, fluctuating in opinion, and morose, frantic, and ungovernable in temper; in whom the natural good qualities of the heart appear to have played the wanton with the very worst qualities of the mind, and to have abandoned themselves to all the irregular excesses of the most depraved prostitution.—This being, unaffiliated to every thing that has hitherto occurred in the variegated history of plants, animals, or fossils, and who has been, even to this late period of his existence, the friend and foe alternately of every man with whom he has acted in public life, disdains the petty retail infamy of setting individuals at variance, and dissolving, by force of cunning, old and long established friendships. He has commenced, on the strength and abundant resources of his own richly productive mint of mind and contrivance, a wholesale dealer in wrong, and striking boldly at title deeds of every description, throughout this wide-extended empire, tells alike the necessitous and unprincipled, suffering at this alarming moment under the double pressure of war and famine, that in the vast property and landed estates of the British nobility,

bility, a remedy may be found, for all the multiplied evils annexed to poverty, and a contempt of moral rectitude.

The London Corresponding Society, reproached as it has been with such a design, has stopt very far short of Mr. Burke, and has never yet in any of its resolutions, or authenticated proceedings, pointed confiscations out to a senseless rabble, as the means of alleviating their distress, and rescuing them from want. It is full time that this man should be muzzled and hand-cuffed, or his wild sallies may endanger the state, and realise the fable of Sampson and the Philistines. It was the general hope that Mr. Burke would, on retiring from Parliament, have renounced all concern with politics; and that, as soon as his pecuniary difficulties were removed, he would have gone into absolute retirement. Such, it was thought, would have been his resolve, and he had warranted this hope by several declarations to that effect. With a mind so disposed, baffled, but not corrected, in all its arrogant and impracticable, I will not say, sanguinary projects, it was imagined that he would have sought refuge, not so much from others whom he had deceived and deserted, as from himself, and the keen reproaches of his wounded mind and conscience. He even acknowledges that he left London for

ever, (would to God he had never seen it!) and that, "*devoted to obscurity and sorrow, he was insensible at once to the affairs and pleasures of this world.*" Thus resolved and thus resigned, it was reasonable to expect that he would have descended quietly to the tomb, without furnishing fresh matter of regret to the few friends whom compassion has preserved in tenderness to old friendships, or of triumph to his numerous enemies, which a vindictive, restless temper, as incorrigible as it is irascible, and which neither age nor misfortune can temper into discretion or humanity, have armed, as it were, in defence of liberty and right.

This lamentable old man, lamentable in every respect, continues to be wicked and mischievous beyond the ordinary term allotted to vice. Everything is absorbed, enfeebled, or extinguished in him but his rancour, and that strikes deeper root, and blooms with brighter verdure in proportion as it should wither and decay from age; envious of the laurel, with which genius would have marked and decorated his grave, it has finally grappled with, seized, and out-topped it; its noxious qualities corrode whatever comes within the sphere of its putrid atmosphere; its very touch imparts a rank and deadly poison, and what will scarce obtain currency with remote posterity,

rity, the friendship of this forlorn and wretched being, separated, cut off, and avoided by those who once valued him, is still more fatal than his hatred: it acts by contraries, and wounds even to death the hapless deluded victim in the embrace.

Those with whom he lives in declared enmity, are less exposed to the direful effects of his ever-active and self-productive malice, than those who admit him to their confidence! His very animosity, vigilant, bitter, and relentless as it is, serves as a shield to those who are the objects of his resentment, while those for whom he professes affection or regard, or who submit to be swayed by his councils, are lost past redemption, and never fail to feel and lament the sad effects of their mistaken confidence.

This has been recently exemplified in the two greatest instances of his public life, upon which he most piques himself; from the one, for which he boldly claims the *greatest merit*; and from the other, for which he modestly contents himself with having received the *greatest recompence*; it has been exemplified in a manner so evident and strong, that it must force conviction on even the most prejudiced mind.

Mr.

Mr. Burke collected into the terrible focus of parliamentary rage, all the malignant rays which envy and resentment had exhaled from disappointed avarice, or ambition, in order to destroy, by their concentrated force, the persecuted object of his vindictive animosity, he was, however, foiled in the attempt, for what, let me ask you, has been the result of all his criminal virulence and industry? What ill has resulted to Mr. Hastings from all the mischievous skill and exertions, of the immense chemical laboratory of this man's ever fertile brains?—None. Let the mortifications and insults, let the malice and scurrilities be subtracted, that Mr. Hastings has received from his invulnerable antagonist, armed *cap à pie*, and doubly fenced by Lords and Commons, and Mr. Hastings is a gainer by the process. So much for the ENMITY of Edmund Burke. Now for his FRIENDSHIP.

Turn then, my dear Sir, I beseech you, to the other side of this man's ledger, and see how his account stands with those, with whom he has acted through life—with whom he has lived in the most familiar, confidential, and endearing intercourse—for whom he professed AFFECTION, not HATRED—with whom he has lived in sworn and avowed amity; whose measures he approved, supported, and defended,

with all the vehemence natural to his character, and whom he constantly extolled and held forth to the nation, as objects of its dearest hope and only refuge. What has been his conduct towards them? Behold them disjointed, broken, dispersed, and ruined, at enmity with each other, and their conduct and principles scouted, reprobated, and pronounced culpable by the very man, that formerly admired and defended them. His FRIEND, Sir, the heir of Rockingham, is a living, melancholy evidence of this woeful, this afflicting truth! The splendid house of Fitzwilliam is erased from the rich chart of political influence, power, and credit; its noble owner is reduced to a cypher, and driven into exile in the very country where he was born, and where his exalted rank, fortune, and character would have insured to him the consequence he ought to possess, if he had not come in contact with that heir-loom which descended with his uncle's vast property, at once a burthen and a disgrace to the inheritance! His Lordship, consigned to a premature and unmerited obscurity, is a sad monument of all that is amiable and excellent in private life, being irretrievably lost, and rendered useless to the state, by an indiscreet attachment to an unworthy object.

I be-

I behold his Lordship, sorrowful and repentant, standing in the penitential attitude of convicted folly—a kind of beacon, to warn other mariners embarked in the same perilous navigation, of the fatal rock upon which youth, honour, and genuine simplicity were unhappily wrecked. Mr. Wyndham might have profited by the disaster of his friend, but infatuation has rivetted him to ruin, and he must abide the issue.

Whether the Secretary at War is the next to be “*killed-off*,” or whether he is preserved by bloody Banquo for a *bonne bouche*, I know not, but if he ever fixed his fondest hopes on Norwich—if he even considered that city as his Eden, the gates of Paradise, he may be assured, are shut against him for ever, and for this mortifying expulsion, for this heavy, this afflicting and degrading curse, he is indebted to his friend, his counsellor, and guide!

Under these various aspects, some of them pleasing, others offensive, and all of them instructive, either negatively or positively, Mr. Burke has appeared to us at different periods of his life, exciting the contradictory sensations of esteem, admiration, horror, and disgust: In a word, my dear Sir, he has travelled through the
twelve

twelve signs of the zodiac, and returned to the point from whence he departed, remains fixt to a certainty in scorpion.

In that edition of his works, which he says was published under the inspection of a kind friend, and which he recommends as authentic, there is in the first volume a letter addressed to a noble Lord, of a very curious nature, as to its drift and argument, and which seems to be the avant courier to the false reasoning, misrepresentations, and numberless contradictions, which abound in the rest of the voluminous collection. Whether it is the production of Lord Bolingbrooke or of Mr. Burke,* the latter, by having given publicity to it, should be responsible to society for the effects it may produce. If he had refuted it as well as reprinted it, we might have pardoned the indiscretion, in consideration of the motive; but no attempt has been made to counteract the ill effects it might produce on uninformed or ill-disposed minds. This gentleman, better skilled in poisons than in antidotes, feels perhaps a parental affec-

* On inquiry find it was written by Mr. Burke, to shew his talent at Imitation—he might have chosen another subject; at all events, he would have handled the one he did chuse in a manner more conformable to his avowed sentiments at this time, if he had always thought, as he wishes us to believe, he thinks at present.

tion for the former, and is anxious to preserve them from the mixture and contamination of the latter. Considering, therefore, Mr. Burke as the publisher, and in that light full as culpable as the author of the letter addressed to an anonymous Lord, I shall submit to your recollection, to your cool dispassionate judgment, Sir, whether any thing ever issued from the Jacobin den at Paris, more hostile to aristocracy, to courts, to governments, and to all the various establishments, both civil and ecclesiastical, than what is contained in the following selections? If Mr. Burke should disclaim having written the two first articles, let him say for what purpose they take the right-hand of his own production, and stand foremost in the front of a series of less dangerous perversions of reason and genius?

BURKE VERSUS BURKE.

“ Power gradually extirpates from the mind
 “ every humane and gentle virtue. Pity, benevolence, friendship, are things almost unknown in high stations. *Vere amicitie rarissime inveniuntur in iis qui in honoribus reque publica versantur*, says Cicero, and, indeed, courts are the schools where cruelty, pride,
 “ diffi-

“ dissimulation, and treachery, are studied and
 “ taught in the most vicious perfection.”

*A Vindication of Natural Society. Burke's
 works, vol. i. p. 56.*

“ The poor, by their excessive labour, and
 “ the rich, by their enormous luxury, are set
 “ upon a level, and rendered equally ignorant
 “ of any knowledge, which might conduce to
 “ their happiness. A dismal view of the inte-
 “ rior of all society. The lower part broken
 “ and ground down by the most cruel oppres-
 “ sion; and the rich, by their artificial me-
 “ thod of life, bringing worse evils on them-
 “ selves than their tyranny could possibly in-
 “ flict on those below them. Very different is
 “ the natural state; here there are no wants
 “ which nature gives, and in this state men can
 “ be sensible of no other wants, which are not
 “ to be supplied by a very moderate degree of
 “ labour. Therefore there is no slavery; nei-
 “ ther is there any luxury, because no single
 “ man can supply the materials of it.—Life is
 “ simple, and therefore it is happy.”

Ibid. p. 57.

“ In cases of tumult and disorder, our law
 “ has invested every man in some sort with the
 “ authority of a magistrate. *When the affairs*
 “ *of the nation are distracted, private people*
 F 2 “ are

“ are by the spirit of that law justified in step-
 “ ping a little out of their ordinary sphere. They
 “ enjoy a privilege of something more dignity and
 “ effect than that of idle lamentation over the ca-
 “ lamities of their country; they may look into
 “ them narrowly; they may reason upon them
 “ liberally, and if they should be so fortunate
 “ as to discover the true source of the mischief,
 “ and to suggest any probable method of re-
 “ moving it, though they may displease the
 “ rulers of the day, they are certainly of service
 “ to the cause of government.”

Thoughts on the present Discontents, by
Edmund Burke, vol. i. p. 411 and 412.

“ I am not one of those who think that the
 “ people are never in the wrong. They have
 “ been so, frequently and outrageously, both
 “ in other countries and in this. But I do say,
 “ that in all disputes between them and their
 “ rulers, the presumption is at least upon a par
 “ in favour of the people. Experience may
 “ perhaps justify me in going farther. Where
 “ popular discontents have been very preva-
 “ lent, it may well be affirmed and supported,
 “ that there has been generally something found
 “ amiss in the constitution, or in the conduct
 “ of government. The people have no interest
 “ in disorder; when they do wrong, it is their
 “ error,

“ error, and not their crime; but with the governing part of the state it is far otherwise.

“ They certainly may act ill by design, as well as by mistake, ‘ *les revolutions qui arrivent dans les grands etats ne sont point un effet du hazard, ni du caprice des peuples. Rien ne revolte les grands d’un royaume comme un gouvernement foible et derangé. Pour la populace, ce n’est jamais par envie d’attaquer qu’elle se souleve mais par impatience de souffrir.*’”

“ These are the words of a great man, of a minister of state; and what he says of revolutions, is equally true of all great disturbances.”

Ibid. p. 416 and 417.

“ If intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them (*the Americans*) by these means, to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the bear will surely turn upon his hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled, what will they do? They will cast your sovereignty

* *Memoires de Sully*, vol. i. p. 133.

“ in

“ in your face—no-body will be argued into,
“ slavery.”

Mr. Burke on American Taxation, vol. i.

p. 574.

“ As things now stand, every man, in pro-
“ portion to his consequence at court, tends to
“ add to the expences of the civil list, by all
“ manner of jobs, if not for himself, yet for his
“ dependents. When the new plan is estab-
“ lished, those who are suitors for jobs, will
“ become the most strenuous opposers of them.
“ They will have a common interest with the
“ minister in public œconomy.”

Burke's Works, vol. ii. page 259 to 263.

“ The people are the masters. They have only
“ to express their wants at large and in gross.
“ We are the expert artists; we are the skilful
“ workmen to shape their desires into perfect form,
“ and to fit the utensil to the use. They are
“ the sufferers, they tell the symptoms of the
“ complaint; but we know the exact seat of the
“ disease, and how to apply the remedy ac-
“ cording to the rules of art. How shocking
“ would it be to see us pervert our skill into a
“ sinister and servile dexterity, for the purpose
“ of evading our duty, and defrauding our em-
“ ployers, who are our natural lords, of the object
“ of their just expectations. *Ibid.* I have not, Sir,
“ the

" the frantic presumption to suppose, that this
 " plan contains in it the whole of what the pub-
 " lic has a right to expect, in the great work of
 " reformation they call for; indeed, it falls in-
 " finitely short of it. It falls short, even of my
 " own ideas. You will see how necessary it is
 " to review our military expences for some
 " years past, and, if possible, to bind up and
 " close that bleeding artery of profusion; but
 " that business also, I have reason to hope, will be
 " undertaken by abilities that are fully adequate
 " to it. Something must be devised (if possible)
 " to check the ruinous expences of elections.
 " Sir, all or most of these things must be done.
 " Every one must take his part. If we should
 " be able by dexterity, or power, or intrigue,
 " TO DISAPPOINT THE EXPECTATIONS of our
 " constituents, what will it avail us? We shall
 " never be strong or artful enough to parry, or
 " to put by the irresistible demands of our situa-
 " tion; that situation calls upon us, and upon
 " our constituents too, with a voice which
 " will be heard." *Ibid.*

" The whole hope of reformation is at length
 " cast upon us; and *let us not deceive the na-*
 " *tion which does us the honour to hope every*
 " *thing from our virtue.* If all the nation are
 " not equally forward to press this duty upon
 " us, yet be assured, that they all equally ex-
 " pect

"pect we should perform it. The respectful
 "silence of those who wait upon your pleasure,
 "ought to be as powerful with you, as the call
 "of those who *require your service as their*
 "*right.* Some without doors affect to feel
 "hurt for your dignity, because they suppose
 "that menaces are held to you: justify their
 "good opinion by shewing that no menaces
 "are necessary to stimulate you to your duty:
 "but, Sir, whilst we may sympathize with
 "them in one point, who sympathize with us
 "in another, *we ought to attend no less to*
 "*those who approach us like men, and who,*
 "*in the guise of petitioners, speak to us in the*
 "*tone of a concealed authority: it is not wise*
 "*to force them to speak out more plainly, what*
 "*they plainly mean: but the petitioners are*
 "*violent—be it so; those who are least anxi-*
 "*ous about your conduct, are not those that*
 "*love you most: moderate affection and sa-*
 "*tiated enjoyment are cold and respectful;*
 "but an ardent and injured passion is tempered
 "up with wrath, and grief, and shame, and
 "conscious worth, and the maddening sense of
 "violated right. A jealous lover lights his torch
 "from the firebrands of the furies. *They*
 "*who call upon you to belong wholly to the*
 "*people, are those who wish you to return to*
 "*your proper home; to the sphere of your duty,*
 "*to the post of your honour, to the mansion-*
 "house

"house of all genuine, serene, and solid
 "satisfaction. We have furnished to the
 "people of England (indeed we have) some
 "real CAUSE OF JEALOUSY; let us leave that sort
 "of company, which, if it does not destroy
 "our innocence, pollutes our honour; let us
 "free ourselves at once from every thing that
 "can increase their suspicions, and inflame
 "their just resentment; let us cast away from
 "us, with a generous scorn, all the love tokens
 "and symbols that we have been vain and
 "light enough to accept: all the bracelets and
 "muff-boxes, and miniature pictures, and hair
 "devices, and all the other adulterous trinkets,
 "that are the pledges of your alienation, and
 "the monuments of our shame; let us return
 "to our legitimate home, and all jars and all
 "quarrels will be lost in embraces; let the
 "Commons in Parliament assembled be one
 "and the same thing with the Commons at
 "large, the distinctions that are made to sepa-
 "rate us are unnatural and wicked contri-
 "vances; let us identify, let us incorporate
 "ourselves with the people; let us cut all the
 "cables, and snap the chains which tie us to
 "an unfaithful shore, and enter the friendly
 "harbour, that shoots far out into the main
 "its moles and jetties to receive us.—' War
 "with the world, and peace with our consti-
 "tuents;' be this our motto and our principle;

G

" then,

“ then, indeed, we shall be truly great; re-
 “ specting ourselves, we shall be respected by
 “ the world; at present all is troubled, and
 “ cloudy, and distracted, and full of anger and
 “ turbulence both abroad and at home; but the
 “ air may be cleared by this storm, and light
 “ and fertility may follow it; *let us give a faith-*
 “ *ful pledge to the people, that we honour,*
 “ *indeed, the crown, but that we belong to*
 “ *them; that we are their auxiliaries, and not*
 “ *their task-masters; their fellow-labourers in*
 “ *the same vineyard, not lording over their*
 “ *rights, but helpers of their joy; that to tax*
 “ *them, is a grievance to ourselves, but to cut*
 “ *off from our enjoyments to forward their's is*
 “ *the highest gratification we are capable of*
 “ *receiving. I feel with comfort, that we are*
 “ *all warmed with these sentiments, and while*
 “ *we are thus warm, I wish we may go directly*
 “ *and with a cheerful heart to this salutary*
 “ *work—(REFORM.)*”

Burke's Speech on Œconomical Reform, vol. ii.

pages 263, 264, 265.

Compare the sentiments expressed, and the
 principles avowed, throughout the different
 selections I have made from the speeches and
 writings of Mr. Burke, with what he has pub-
 lished subsequent to the subversion of despo-
 tism in France; that is, since he separated
 from

from those, with whom he has acted and lived, or rather (pardon my prolixity) since his mercenary and interested union with those whom he has vehemently and indecently opposed through life, and say, Sir, whether it is not the very extreme of impudent, unblushing, and unfeeling arrogance, for this man to come forward to instruct us in lessons of loyalty, morality, and religion?

These are strong public facts, my dear Sir, to which I have alluded, well worthy of the serious perusal of those, whose easy, unsuspecting tempers, incline them to think favourably of Mr. Burke, because they have lived and acted with him in public, and been dazzled by the splendor of his abilities—far greater objects not only claim, but imperiously demand their attention, and what ought to be a question at all times with all mankind, whether those who pervert or prostitute the treasures of a vastly rich-gifted mind, are worthy of credit and respect, is more so now than ever, because in moments of revolution, or in times of great public discontent, men of talents and ambition will come forward with fair pretensions to captivate, seize, and hold public confidence in a ruinous and disgraceful bondage: if a distrust of this nature of men, pretending to influence our opinions and direct our judgments,

is necessary, because they are not known to us: if confidence, the legitimate offspring only of friendship and affection, ought not to be accorded until it has gone through the ordeal trial, which personal honour and security exact in self-defence: if the fullest proofs of the most perfect rectitude and uniform consistency are requisite in the transactions of private life, how much more requisite, and how much stronger, if possible, ought these proofs to be when the confidence to be given is connected with the prosperity of nations, and the happiness of millions? How much more necessary is it, that the man who stands forward in the tempest and hurricane of public affairs, to guide, enlighten, and conduct us through the storm, should come recommended by all that honour and capacity can furnish from their rich treasures? How much more necessary is it, that the man who comes forward uninvited and of his own accord, should also come decorated and equipped with all that honour, prudence, and ability can furnish from the rich treasure of their abundant and aggregated exchequer, before we resign to him our opinions and our judgment, and especially in times of great public discontent, when the mind has no resting place, and all is fear, jealousy, and alarm; when our energies are enfeebled, and our faculties, and even action itself, suspended, or forced

out of its proper, wholesome, natural track ? I am sure, Sir, you will agree with me, that confidence, which ought under all circumstances to be of slow and gradual growth, ought not to be expected at this moment without producing all the certificates which experience and well-nurtured reflection can furnish ; if then it would be deemed impudence or folly in any man to make such pretensions without such testimonials ; how much more arrogant and audacious is it in the man to come forward, and require us to resign our judgment to his guidance, whose whole history resembles a piece of mosaic work, to the full as ludicrous, as offensive, and as exceptionable, as the one, which he describes somewhere in his works, of an ill-afforted administration ?

I leave to the retailers of scandal Sir, to those who derive a precarious and dishonourable maintenance by such means, the task of private anecdote and history. It is not within my province.

All I contend for is, that it is extremely indecent, and not very judicious in any man to write, that is fallen, degraded, and lost in the public opinion—the writings of such a man cannot produce any beneficial effect either to the country or to its ministers ; and if the latter entertain such a hope against the infallible evidence

evidence of experience, and the natural operations of the human mind, they deceive themselves, and ought not to be offended at the well-meant zeal, that apprises them of their error.

Mr. Burke, by publishing his injudicious Reflections upon the French Revolution, and his still more injudicious explanation of the principles of the English Revolution, in 1688, provoked Mr. Paine to assert the Rights of Man.

The popularity of Mr. Burke, never very great or very flattering at any period of his life, was considerably in the wane, when he attempted to direct, or rather to mislead the public mind; it had recently felt, even to convulsion, that noble, generous glow of liberty; that sympathy which, like electricity, struck every man, excepting himself, from the highest to the lowest, with rapture and with triumph: not a breast but glowed with the most lively sympathetic joy at beholding France emancipate herself from ages of despotism, the rigors of which being lessened, and the condition of the people meliorated, were owing entirely to the mild and beneficent character of the unfortunate monarch on the throne, who could give no other security than hope, and his own very excellent example, that his successor would be as amiable

amiable and as virtuous, as temperate and as just as himself—every body in the first instance admired the French Revolution; Mr. Burke alone condemned it! the Gentleman loves minorities, and he is likely to be gratified to the very extent of his wishes for the remainder of his life. It cannot be dissembled, my dear Sir, that we are indebted to this man, and to a rabble of scribblers, that have yelped in unison with him, for all the execrable trash that has been disseminated throughout the kingdom; but for the impolitic writings of the former, we should never have been insulted with the inflammatory productions of the latter; and surely, there was little wisdom in trying the question of strength between the force of numbers, and the influence and authority of government. Examine the state of the country, and ask yourself what has been the result of the writings and efforts of the men who have pretended to support the constitution, and to silence the banditti of libellers that assailed it? I am afraid you will find it to be too true, that they have in fact given birth, form, and consistency to a society formidable enough to have forced the legislature to the expediency of endeavouring to preserve the constitution, by a temporary suspension of our dearest rights! and if it should be so, it is evident that libels are not to be suppressed by libels. This has long been my opinion,

and it is seriously to be lamented, that an obvious truth in the Memoirs of Dumourier, has not yet occurred to those who really wish well to government—" *Il est à remarquer, que presque tous les sobriquets de factions sont vils, et que ce pendant c'est presque toujours la faction supérieure en dignité, qui les invente pour exprimer son mépris—il est à remarquer aussi, qu'elle est presque toujours dans le cas de s'en repentir.*" After which he adds, "*Quant à l'appellation de sans culottes elle a eu des conséquences bien plus terribles que celle des gueux des pays bas.*"*

I am no friend to the man, to his principles, or to his conduct, whom I have quoted; on the contrary, I detest his unexampled vanity and ambition, and deplore, with a very heavy and aching heart, the horrible crimes and devastations which they have produced, but an important truth is not to be rejected, on account of the person by whom it is pronounced.

I was at Paris when a paper called *L'Ami du Roi* no sooner appeared, than it was opposed by another called *L'Ami du Peuple*: the consequence was, that the editor of the former perished on a scaffold, and but for the virtuous enthusiasm of a female, the earth might still

* *La Vie du Général Dumourier*, tom. ii. p. 156.

have been vexed and dishonoured by the despicable, loathsome wretch that conducted the latter. Trust me, Sir, but these are bad, very bad resources, and especially on the eve of any great commotion, or in times of public tumult. A paper contest between the people and the government is a very dangerous expedient—government wages war upon unequal terms—“ *It wars not only with reason and with fact, perhaps, but with Bedlam and the mint.*”—Besides, in such times Swiss writers are generally succeeded by Swiss of another description; and I have seen so much of the former in the different revolutions on the Continent, that I should not be surprised, in the event of a revolution in this country, which heaven forbid! to see Citizen Lee and Edmund Burke shake hands, and act as joint secretaries of state together.

I have dwelt on this subject the longer, Sir, because I am convinced of the ruinous consequences that must ultimately result to the country, if these writers are suffered by a mistaken opinion of their utility to have any considerable influence on the public opinion, or credit with ministers; in that case they will feel themselves of consequence; they will be courted by both parties, and finish by ultimately dictating to both. Mr. Burke, the field marshal of this army of mischievous in-

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sects,

fects, has, at least in one instance, made the attempt, and if I forbear to enter into particulars, it is, that I do not wish to speak of myself more than is absolutely necessary. The reproach of egotism does not belong to me. It is now time, my dear Sir, to examine a performance, the composition of which is unworthy of the high literary reputation of its author—the statements of which are false and illiberal; its arguments weak, inclusive, and absurd; and its drift, object, and design, most evidently mischievous. It is impossible that any man of a correct taste can approve of the language; there is nothing of that strong and splendid radiance which was once wont to vivify, charm, and illumine us—a feeble ray, feebly emitted—the last sad effort of expiring genius now and then darts forth and shews us what has been, by what is not!—a mere momentary blaze, like a candle burnt down to the socket, and like the candle's dying flame, becomes fainter and fainter at every ineffectual struggle to live a little longer! I am afraid, Sir, that the simile will hold good to the last, for I already scent the offensive wick.

Mr. Burke has appeared to us at different times in the different characters of philosopher, historian, politician, œconomist, and poet.—To the first of these he has proved a recreant knight,

knight, even to an abhorrence of the very name: his present ill-will to abstract reasoning may possibly arise from the conviction he feels of the futility of human reasoning, upon all subjects not connected with mathematics, or susceptible of demonstration. It may be so, but I rather suspect it proceeds from an aversion to all speculation, that is not profitable, and his own history is my authority.

I do not know whether he meant at the time to *bid for the office* at any future period, but I well remember reading, some where in his *Thoughts on the present Discontents*, that, “*when an adverse connection is to be destroyed, recourse must be had, in order to accomplish the business, to some one belonging to it, who enjoys the highest confidence of his party, by quarrelling and breaking with his old friends.*” I beg, my dear Sir, that you will not misunderstand me. I hope that I shall not be misunderstood by the world at large, or supposed, by this allusion, to throw even the most distant reflection on the conduct of ministers; on the contrary, I hold their admitting Mr. Burke into their ranks to have been perfectly right. A prudent general will never reject an intelligent deserter from an enemy's camp. Ministers would have been justified even in the calm interval of peace and public felicity,

in enlisting such a sturdy recruit; but in times of turbulence and danger, when the most perfect unanimity was necessary, both in and out of Parliament, to the preservation of the state, it became their duty to receive him, and was, in fact, patriotism. They were not aware of the impossibility of bridling him, and that he would run them out of breath. I cannot suppose, that much art or delusion was employed, to detach Mr. Burke from those, with whom he had acted and lived all his life, and from whom nothing more was to be expected, not even the most distant prospect of another impeachment to bring forward and conduct. The gentleman was decided by mere motives of vulgar, worldly prudence, which always render the charms, spells, and operations of forcery unnecessary. Mr. Burke had well examined the state of both markets; that which he had kept for many years, and that of his neighbours—alarmed at the barren, starved miserable appearance of the one, and enamoured with the rich luxuriancy of the other, he gathered up his beggarly account of empty sieves and baskets, and, trotting over to the other side, quitted penury for ever. It is evident, from the alacrity with which the gentleman *cast off and changed hands*, and the agility with which he *crossed over and figured in*, that he can yet

go down a dance to his liking. I do not, however, perceive, on a fair statement of facts and circumstances, that any good has resulted to Government from his acquisition; yet, whatever his services may amount to, and however considerable they may be in expectancy, he can certainly boast having had *value received* for all the services he has ever performed. I have no personal animosity to Mr. Burke—I do not feel envious of his good fortune, whatever I may do of those splendid talents which all the world admires, and to which all the world pays a cheerful, ready, well-deserved homage. My poor pretensions could never come in competition with his proud claims, and to confess the truth, I am much better satisfied, from my love of ease and independence, with the humble mediocrity to which my inferior fortune and very inferior talents have condemned me, than I should be in the less tranquil and certainly less comfortable blaze of affluence. I say this, in order to remove impressions, if any should exist, or be excited, that I am stimulated to this severe investigation of his conduct and principles by any other motives than those which I have avowed, and which I feel to be laudable; with a stake as valuable in my estimation, and with an interest much greater, by being a much younger man, than Mr. Burke

can

can pretend to in the preservation of the constitution, with which order, personal liberty, security of property—in a word, private happiness and national honour are intimately blended and connected—it is as free for me, as it is for him, to canvass the measures of public men, and I have his own authority for saying, that in times like the present “*every private man is by law a magistrate.*”

I have precisely the same kind of right to scrutinise, expose, and censure, what appears to be wrong in the motives and conduct of Mr. Burke, as he has to investigate, expose, and condemn the conduct of the Duke of Bedford or Lord Lauderdale. In doing this, I do nothing more than exercise the right of an Englishman; and in so doing, I virtually defend the rights of ALL Englishmen. Let me then, Sir, not be censured, either by ministers or by those who oppose them, while I am evidently influenced by a love of right, and a very anxious solicitude to preserve the public tranquillity, brought into hazard by the extravagant ravings of a man to whom, in my boyish days, when little conversant with the world, and still less so with the human heart, I looked up as an ornament to literature, and an honour to the country, but whom I now consider

as a very serious national calamity, of very bitter taste and wide extent.*

Mr. Burke and his Partisans have brought questions into discussion which cannot be agitated without much hazard to the public peace, and which it is dangerous at all times to bring forward : they have stepped beyond their competency, as well as beyond all prudence, and we suffer for their presumption and their indiscretion.

Such, Sir, have been the wretched effects of the writings of those whose pretended attachment to the Government, favored very much of the exploded doctrines of Divine right and non-resistance. What has been the issue of an expensive paper war, for years, but disgrace and defeat? Government, after a contest unworthy of its dignity, in which pigmies would have usurped the place of Atlas, have been compelled to abandon, in some sort, the disgraceful warfare, and fly to parliament for succour.

* It will be thought, perhaps, that I have been too severe, but those who may be disposed to think my language too strong, are desired to recollect, the harsh scurilities of Mr. Burke to others; and to recollect, that I did not pursue him to his retreat, but merely met him on the very ground where he has thrown the gauntlet.

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It is not meant to give offence, by these observations, but, on the contrary, to ensure to administration the full portion of that confidence it ought to have, and to which I wish to see it entitled, not as a favour, but as a right, founded on virtuous intentions, and a virtuous application of the means entrusted to them. It is by renovation only, that innovation can be prevented, and, when the innumerable calamities which invariably follow the train of the latter, are seriously considered, our aversion and alarm, for the consequences that may result from the former, will gradually subside, and be lost in the contemplation of perfect security, and much future peace and felicity. It is from this conviction, and with the view of doing good, that these observations are submitted to your reflection.

Acting under this impression, and warring at this very moment, perhaps, with my own personal interests, in a manner as to make those who are acquainted with the purity of my motives, and who are anxious for my welfare, tremble for my future ease and comfort, I may surely claim a favourable interpretation of my efforts and my warmth, when the cause I plead is that of liberty and my country! I thank them kindly for their solicitude, and am sensibly affected by their fears; but Mr. Burke, as an enemy to that liberty

berty which I adore, and as a mischief to the country that I love, with a much more holy fervour than he can boast, is my FOE, and as such I will pursue him, from a principle of duty, whatever consequences may ultimately result to my person or my fortune. No man ever more passionately admired the rich eloquence of his splendid oratory, than I have done; no man laments more sincerely that his talents should not have been as beneficial as they were once captivating. As a poet giving full scope to wild fancy, and roving untrouled in his luxuriant garden of tropes, metaphors, and fictions, he ravishes all hearts; had he confined himself to the bright summit of Parnassus, where he stood supremely eminent—had he contented himself with gathering the rich foliage from its exuberant parterres, and distributing, as he was wont to do, their variegated sweets to a fascinated world; or if in love with science, he had strayed among the academic groves of Greece, studying the mild lessons of philosophy, and by practising what he studied, have taught us virtue by example, the name of Burke would have descended to the latest posterity, with those of Shakespeare and of Aristotle, the idol of this country, and the proud boast of his own! But the bard and the philosopher, are lost in the politician without rectitude, and in the bigot

without mercy. He has quitted the lyceum for the shambles, and rivalling Legendre, in his discarded profession, speaks as scientifically of "*cutting up, and of the tallow on the cawl and kidneys,*" * as if he had been educated a butcher from his earliest infancy. Instead of being an ornament to the nation, as we had reason to expect, where nature had been generous even to profusion, instead of giving wholesome employment and a proper direction to the faculties of a mind still vehement and active, he is, though not exactly in the sense he describes himself to be, "*a desolate old man;*" but old and desolate as he is, he would yet tear us, if his fangs had not happily lost their force and elasticity.

Does Mr. Burke mean to bespeak our compassion, and to arrest our resentment, when he calls himself a *desolate old man*? If he does, he should be told, that it is very unbecoming in an old man to turn gladiator, and still more so to challenge all the world to fight him with broad sword or back sword, single rapier, double rapier, cudgels, or quarter-staff. Look at his wan figure, I beseech you, Sir, trussed up and armed *cap-à-pie*, in the arene, ready for the combat, and nobody to

* Vide Mr. Burke's Letter to a Noble Lord.

fight with him—playing about him like a very fury, and quarrelling with all mankind that are not as mad as himself. Such, my dear Sir, is the “*desolate old man*,” who tells us that he has retired to “*sorrow and obscurity, dead at once to the affairs and pleasures of the world!*” Tell me, Sir, if in the course of your long experience, you ever remember an assertion so evidently false, and then say, whether such a man deserves mercy or indulgence? A *desolate old man* has no business on a public stage, except in the fictions of the theatre, or as an object of charity. In the latter character he has already appeared, and having been charitably relieved, he should withdraw. His presence is an intrusion. But when this “*desolated old man*” says he has “*taken his leave of London for ever*,” that he is “*in sorrow and obscurity, retired and dead to the affairs and pleasures of this world*,” at the very instant that he is gratifying his natural malignity of temper, and giving audience to printers devils in Harley Street, what else can we think of him, but that he is an impostor, unworthy of the alms he has obtained, and of the compassion he implores? But to the point. The performance of this officious and dissatisfied old man, commences with an insinuation, not very decent or just, against the

Duke of Bedford (whom he would assimilate to that curse and opprobrium of France, the Duke of Orleans) and, with a very fulsome compliment indeed to Lord Grenville, at which I am sure his Lordship must have blushed; I am as ready as any man, to pay full measure of praise to fair and honest desert; I am not less disposed than Mr. Burke, to think well and to speak well of Lord Grenville, or any other man, whenever the panegyric is authorized by the fact, and being almost as competent to decide on the character and capacity of the Noble Lord, I feel hurt at the awkward position in which he has been placed by the premature compliments of his abject eulogist, who would probably have said precisely the same handsome things of Sir Watkin Lewes, if Sir Watkin Lewes had been secretary of state.

Mr. Burke is a perfect adept in the very lucrative science of flattery; but the vanity that can be pleased with the praise of such a man must be very exorbitant indeed! How fortunate it is that the grave conceals the blushes of Lord Keppel! Mr. Burke has introduced a new method of prophesying; he pronounces decidedly, what part the gallant admiral would take in the great public questions of the day, if he were alive. It is, perhaps, only on such occasions

occasions as these, that the assertions of Mr. Burke do not risque contradiction. If Mr. Fox had descended to the tomb of his ancestors, before the French revolution happened, I have no doubt but his quondam friend would have as pathetically deplored the loss of so much civic virtue and ability, and have allotted to Mr. Fox a part very different to what we have seen him take. What a misfortune it is that Mr. Fox, by having survived the admiral so long, should be deprived of his full portion of *quantum meruit*, when the juror on the inquest would have been so extremely liberal and profuse! Death, at no future period of his life, can now insure to him such an epitaph as he would certainly have had, if he had happily died in time. But I forget myself: it is time that pleasantry should give place to sobriety, and I am once more serious.

The motion announced in the early part of the present session, by the Duke of Bedford or Lord Lauderdale, the purport of which is to inquire into the nature of a pension granted to Mr. Burke, has produced a pamphlet from that gentleman, which in other times would have drawn on it a very strong parliamentary censure, if not a prosecution, for he brands, by implication, the motion as a libel on his character. He says (page 7) that "*loose libels*
" *ought*

*"ought to be passed by in silence and contempt. By
 "me they have been so always. But when they
 "derive an importance from the rank of the per-
 "son they come from, and the gravity of the place
 "where they are uttered, in some way or other I
 "ought to take notice of them."* Such, my good
 Sir, is the reason alledged by the gentleman
 for coming forward. The first part of the
 statement is not exactly conformable to truth;
 indeed the gentleman is very apt to fly off
 in a direct tangent from truth, whenever it
 suits his purpose: he considers himself as a
 kind of privileged person, and seems to have
 provided an excuse for the falsehoods he ut-
 ters, by informing us, that "*It is the na-
 ture of all greatness not to be EXACT.*"*
 If by "*loose libels*" he means whatever has
 been said against him *out of* Parliament, I
 would ask him, if he treated those strictures on
 his conduct which are annexed to the letters
 addressed to the Duke of Grafton and Lord
 Stanhope, with that "*silent contempt*" which
 he pretends? I am, perhaps, better informed on
 this occasion than he suspects, not from the
 Chancellor of the Exchequer, with whom I
 have never conversed since the year 1793, either
 on that or any other subject, or from any per-
 son connected with him; but having it from

* Burke's Speech on American Taxation, Vol. i. p. 542.

unquestionable authority, I will ask Mr. Burke if he did not wait on the Minister, and make use of language that did not become either of the parties concerned, to hear or utter?

I hope Mr. Burke will not force me to be more explicit. It is plain that he totally misunderstood my situation and my character, and if I have brought this "*desolate old man*" forward on my own account, it is merely by way of reproof, for his having quitted his "*retreat*," to calumniate, and injure me, if I had been as abject and as dependent in my mind, as he is vindictive and unforgiving in his temper. Mr. Burke, the inquisitor-general, as Anarcharis Cloots was the orator-general of the human race, cries out most vociferously, if any one presumes to hold an "*inquest on his quantum meruit*."

It is probable, however, that he was on the inquest when his own "*quantum meruit*" was ascertained, and when you enumerate the vast services he has recorded, and pretends to have performed: when you recollect all that he has said of himself, and believe him to be "*EXACT*," *in spite of greatness*, you will even then, Sir, confess that he has allowed himself full and ample reward for all the services he can possibly have performed.

This man, who arrogates to himself the right, and really exercises it, of amputating, cutting up, flaying, hewing, flashing, and anatomising institutions, establishments, ministers, admirals, and generals, is in violent hysterics the very instant that the probe is pointed wards his own bosom, and in the delirium of rage and fear, exclaims that the surgeon is an hired assassin! What does the conduct of Mr. Burke towards the Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale in fact amount to, but a direct denial of their right to inquire into the nature of the pension which has been granted him by the Crown? It is not for me to pronounce on the *quantum meruit* which has obtained him such large reward. I do not feel myself competent to discuss the question, and still less does it become me, to give an opinion on a matter which is to be argued, where only such matters can be noticed with effect; but by this attack on the noble Lords above mentioned, for a measure justified by the usages of Parliament, and forming a part of their duty, as trustees to the public, it is evident that Mr. Burke, become a judge and party in his own cause, would wrest from the House of Peers that superintending controul over the public expenditure, which he acknow-
ledges

ledges to belong of right to the House of Lords, and never to have been denied it.*

I do not know in what light other gentlemen consider that part of the letter which relates to the proposed inquiry, but to me it appears to be a direct, unqualified attack on the inquisitorial power of the Peers, and a virtual denial of any right in Parliament itself to investigate the propriety of grants and pensions. I have no reason to believe that I am a favourite with that party, from whom Mr. Burke has separated, it is impossible that I can be, and I can assure him that I will never seek their favor by *servility* to them, or by *treachery* to others. But whether the noble Duke and Lord in question, are stimulated by a sense of duty, or by personal resentment to the individual, to institute this inquiry, their right to institute it is incontrovertible, and least of all does it become the object of that inquiry, however he may be exposed, or affected by the event, to question that right.

* “ A power of examining accounts, to censure, correct, and punish, we never, that I know of, have thought of denying it to the House of Lords.”

Speech of Mr. Burke on Economical Reform in the House of Commons. Vide his Works, vol. ii. p. 263.

Mr. Burke does not tell the Duke of Bedford or Lord Lauderdale in plain direct terms that they, as Peers of Parliament, have no right to examine accounts; he contents himself with abusing them for announcing such an intention, and attempts to deter * them by a species of recrimination very novel in its nature, very indecent, as well as unjust in its application, and which may have an operation that I hope was never seriously in his contemplation, for it goes to shake the whole landed property in the three kingdoms. If no title deeds are to be valid, that cannot trace their source, pure and undefiled by fraud or rapine, through the vast successive ages of the world up to the original donation from Adam or from Noah, no man's property is secure; or if confiscations or unfair means, many centuries back, and practised in the days of chivalry, so rapturously admired, and so rapturously sung by Mr. Burke, are to vitiate the titles of the present owners, and dispossess them of their property, and to place them precisely in the same condition as those whose motto is "*nitor in adversum*,"† before they soared from beggary; I have only to say, that the objections he has made to the Rus-

* If such was his intention he has succeeded most completely.

† Vide the Letter to a Noble Lord, by Edmund Burke, p. 29.

fel family, applies with equal force to the three great houses of Cavendish, Fitzwilliam, and Bentinck, all of whom, as well as his Grace of Bedford, owe their immense property to confiscations and enormous grants, and who were, like him, as Mr. Burke very gratefully, and at this moment no *less prudently* expresses it, "*rocked and dandled into legislators.*" This is no bad comment on the mischievous text of Mr. Paine, which ridicules the idea of an hereditary legislator, as being to the full as absurd, as an hereditary mathematician.

On this subject I forbear to expatiate; however pure and remote the *genealogy* may be, that Beaconsfield can produce of its virtuous and honourable descent to its present, no *less virtuous and honourable*, possessor, I know not; it is the province of heralds and conveyancers to investigate such matters, and they may make the inquiry if they think proper.

I shall only observe, that the Duke of Devonshire would not be well pleased to have his right to the inheritance he holds in Derbyshire, tried by the ordeal which his friend has obliquely hinted can alone *legalize* the tenure. I do not think that the noble Lord in voluntary exile in his native land, would feel easy if the origin of his property in a country, the sceptre

of which he no sooner acquired than lost, was to be tried by the same rule. The Duke of Portland to a certainty would object to it ; the rapacity of his ancestor, and the prodigality of King William, disputed the prize of swiftness. Only conceive, Sir, a couple of Dutchmen in treblefold breeches, and buttons as broad as turnpike roads, running a race with each other. Nothing in nature could be more absurd, no farce half so laughable ! Sir, these two gentlemen became so frolicksome at last, and so very much enamoured with these kind of races, (though neither of them had any thing to pay if they lost) that the legislature * was under the necessity of interdicting the sport, lest those who alone paid the losings, without having any share in the fun, and who were scarce allowed to look on, should be ruined.

Sir, we stumble upon grants from the Crown at every corner and at every moment, at the west end of the town ; and take a northern direction from almost any part of Oxford-street, and you must climb over them to get to the end of your journey. I mean no offence to the Duke of Portland in stating this, nor should I

* Vide Smollet's Continuation of the History of England, vol. i. sect. 25. p. 253. and the Journals of Parliament.

think

think the right to his numerous possessions more valid, if he could produce rolls of parchment as far back as the creation. Conformable with this sentiment, he shall find me in the moment of danger (should such an event unfortunately happen in my time) to the full as ready, and certainly much more capable, to defend his property and maintain his rights, as the man he has taken to his bosom,

This is a subject upon which Mr. Burke, more than all other men, would certainly have been silent, if he had either gratitude or prudence. It must be known to him, that he cannot shake Bedford House, without demolishing Burlington House. Welbeck and Woburn will fall together; but the sacrifice of friends, when the ruin of an enemy is to be accomplished, is perhaps of no consequence in his estimation.—Let me ask you, Sir, what analogy there is between grants and pensions, and why should the former be brought upon the carpet, because the latter have been mentioned in *his* particular and exclusive case, in Parliament? The former, valuable as they have proved to their present proprietors, have been still more beneficial to the country. They have enriched the state in a still greater degree than they have benefitted individuals; and

and if they were originally given to favourites, and to men of opulence, I see nothing wrong in such a selection, since in these days of barbarism, it was only men of opulence who could give activity, vigour, and effect to honest indigent industry. Besides, Sir, these lands, portioned out to different individuals, have also contributed to strengthen the foundations of civil liberty; we owe not only a considerable share of that immense wealth and splendor, which makes us the admiration and envy of surrounding nations, but the total extinction of regal and ecclesiastical tyranny, of which this man, in the very impotence of age, and without capacity to enjoy either, is become so wretchedly, and so ludicrously enamoured. I leave you to judge, Sir, what would have been the state of this country, if the crown had held all these confiscated estates in its possession, and whether Britons would have had to boast of a Bill of Rights, and the expulsion of the Stuart family. Pensions have no such proud pretensions to public favour. We all know that the Sovereign ought to be invested with ample means to reward every description of public worth and merit. Nor can the trust be in safer hands, but grants of land are not like pensions, a perpetual tax on industry. The former, improved by cultivation, or converted from barren wastes, into commercial towns and cities, diffuses riches, health,

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and vigour throughout the empire, in a variety of ways, and among all descriptions of men; but the latter are nothing more than the aggregate farthings and pence extracted, by the means of the customs and excise, from the pockets of the labouring poor, as well as from the affluent, and are meant merely to administer to the comfort, or to relieve the necessities of indigent desert. The objection, therefore, to the property of the Duke of Bedford, improved into its present value by industry, oeconomy, and expensive cultivation, proves nothing but the envy of the insulated being, who would, by an attack, as cowardly as unjust, intimidate a Peer of Parliament from discharging a duty he owes to his country, and exercising a right to which he is entitled by the Constitution. Let Mr. Burke, who is so penurious to others, and so munificent to himself, and who has the indecency, or rather indiscretion, to publicly reprobate enormous grants from the Crown in dark and unenlightened times; let this man, so tenacious of every thing that relates to himself, and so merciless towards others, look down from Hampstead on what may be called New London, and which rivals the Old, in splendor, opulence, and extent; a nation's pride and succour! let him behold the magnificent squares that abound between Bloomsbury and Paddington, and say if the grants to which they owe their existence, have not added to
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the wealth, beauty, and strength of the metropolis? Let him behold the numerous edifices that greet his jaundiced eye in every direction, whenever he traverses this immense, this wonderful town, the emporium of the world! and say if there was either wisdom or justice in arraigning of *that* which has been productive of so much public utility and private comfort? And is it for this man, Sir, to call in question the justice of those grants, and the legality of the tenures by which they have descended to their present proprietors? Let him travel westwards, and behold Tavistock inhabited by useful manufacturers, and not by cloistered slothful ideots, whose monasteries he would preserve, perhaps restore, and say which of the two descriptions of men are the more useful to society? Have pensions the same operation? No; for it is not meant they should, they seldom extend beyond one life, and cannot well be applied to purposes of national improvements; for their avowed and proper object is, to reward or relieve indignant merit; if the gentleman, however, should feel so disposed, he may give the first instance of the kind by devoting a part of what he has obtained from the munificence of a gracious and forgiving Prince,*
and

* “ *But, did they recollect that they were talking of a sick King, of a Monarch smitten by the hand of Omnipotence,*”

and from which something may certainly be spared, after administering to the wants " of a
 " *desolate old man retired from the world, and*
 " *dead to all its pleasures and its affairs !*"
 Will Mr. Burke prove to us, nay, Sir, can he prove to us, that there is any thing in common between *grants* and *pensions*, by which they can be compared and judged together ? Surely he must know, that though they have one common origin, they have not one common nature ; he must also know, Sir, that, when the latter are *enormous*, and the person on whom they are bestowed, *unworthy*, that they amount to a breach of trust in the donor, and are a disgrace to the receiver.

" *potence, and that the Almighty had hurled him from his*
 " *throne, and plunged him into a condition which drew*
 " *down upon him the pity of the meanest peasant in his*
 " *kingdom ?*"

Burke's Speech on the Regency, Monday, Feb. 9, 1789.

No man better knows than Mr. Burke the precise value between a Sovereign "*hurled from his throne by the hand of*" "*Omnipotence,*" and a Sovereign happily fixed in the best and only desirable throne, the hearts of a free and gallant people ! A regency, Sir, in perspective, illumined by the splendid rays of the rising sun, aided him to estimate the former, and all the world knows by what rule he has recently measured the exact proportions of the other.

The partisans of Mr. Burke declare, that the principal object of his letter, addressed to a Noble Lord, was to forewarn the Duke of Bedford, that his conduct was hostile to his own interest, and dangerous to the state; that the connections he had formed, and the line he has taken in politics, are unbecoming of his high rank and station, and that Mr. Burke did well as a friend to Government, to censure what might produce ruin to the individual, and mischief to the community.

Admitting these facts for the sake of argument to be perfectly just, how comes it that his respect for the individual, whom it is pretended he would recall from error, and his patriotism, did not stimulate him to remonstrate with his Grace before?

The Duke of Bedford has been in constant opposition to the measures of the Crown, and if that opposition had the dangerous tendency ascribed to it, how comes it that it was not *sooner* reprobated? How comes it that Mr. Burke's loyalty to the throne, and gratitude most amply due to its servants; how happens it, Sir, that the affection for this his "*dearer and adopted country,*" slept so sound and so secure amidst so much danger, and so many powerful calls on his vigilance, patriotism,

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and exertions? How comes it, Sir, that it was not awakened until the propriety of granting him a pension was questioned by the noble Duke, and that when it did awake him, his clamour was only about his pension and himself, lest what was ill deserved, and profusely given,* should be wrested from him by equity and legislative force? How comes it that the public weal, "*unmixed with baser matter*," was not alone the object of his defence? and, above all, how comes it that he entered into an impudent competition of merit with the Duke of Bedford, and libelled the whole Peerage of Britain, by representing them as beings, that have been "*swaddled, rocked, and dandled into legislators?*"

I may be reproached, Sir, with being too personal, but have I been more so than Mr.

* Considering, that "*Mr. Burke has left London for ever, and that he is retired from the world and all its pleasures and affairs*," it is matter of surprise to what uses a desolate old man in sorrow and obscurity can possibly apply the following sums:

A pension for his own life and that of	} £.
Mrs. Burke, on the civil list -	1200
A pension for three lives out of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per	} 1350
cents. fund -	
Another pension for three lives out of the	} 1150
$4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. for	

£ 3700
Burke

Burke has been through life? Surely not, and to those who may say,

“ Spare then the *person* and condemn the *vice*,”

I will answer, from the same authority——

“ What, spare the *sharper* and condemn the *dice* !”

It is not, however, the possessions of a nobility, decidedly the most respectable in point of decorum, talents, and attainments in the world, that he questions, but their capacities to execute their legislative functions. Compare the insolent, the ungrateful sarcasm on the hereditary nobility of this country, his first and earliest benefactors, at whose heels he has *servilely spanieled through life*, and who have been in fact the fabricators of his fortune ; of men by whose influence alone, he has been enabled to *ascend from adversity, and insult his betters* ; of men, whom on a former occasion, before one of their dignified body profanely questioned his claim to distinction and reward, were represented by him, as “ *pillars of the Corinthian order in the state.*”*

What

* If Mr. Burke should attempt to come forward again the advocate of the British peerage, or of the great landed property of this country, they may retort the advice he gave to a gentleman whom he once violently opposed, but
who

What does he say of them in a letter addressed to a Noble Lord, who, by the concealment of his name, appears to be ashamed of such a correspondent? He says, Sir, that they are "*swaddled, rocked, and dandled into legislators.*" Then follows (strong proof of insufferable vanity!) his boasted motto, "*Nitor in adversum;*" this also has a successor in as arrogant a statement of pretended services rendered to the country as pride and impudence, in their foulest and most lascivious embrace, ever engendered.

Sir, the gentleman is a profound logician; no man is better acquainted with all the nice intricacies, subtleties, quick turnings, windings, and double meanings in argument, than Mr. Burke. He has given us a syllogism perfect in

who has had the goodness, not only to forgive him, but to reward him.

"*There was, however, so much of malice in the Right Honourable Gentleman's compassion, and so much of censure in his lamentations, that he hoped the Right Honourable Gentleman would have the kindness to spare his pity, and leave him out of his lamentations for the future.*"

Burke's Speech in Answer to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Jan. 6, 1789.

Would to God he had! the advice was good, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have done well to have followed it.

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all its parts—a major, a minor, and conclusion. Reflect, I beseech you, Sir, for you have a very large stake in the country, as well as a very sacred trust to discharge, and I know no man more worthy of the one, or less likely to abuse the other than yourself, what the fair interpretation is, *of the baby transformed into a legislator*; and *the wonderful services said to be rendered to the state by the man who insolently boasts that his motto is, "Nitor in adversum?"* What is this but insinuating, and that in pretty broad terms, that men who may, like himself, have ascended from poverty, are much better qualified for legislators than those, on whom the laws and constitution of the country have conferred this high trust, in virtue of their high birth? The comparison between himself and the Duke of Bedford, will not admit of any other interpretation, and I leave you to judge, Sir, to what terrible consequences such an interpretation leads. The "*Corinthian pillars of the state*" no longer excite the gentleman's awe and admiration; they no longer merit his support; it would be a disgrace to his understanding to turn nurse in his dotage; it is to other hands that he would transfer the *cradle* that he once deigned to rock and worship! I shrewdly suspect, notwithstanding the full-dressed suit of foreign-spun loyalty that he sports on court days, high days, Sundays, and holidays,

holidays, that if he could snatch some forty years of life back, he would be as proud of going bare-breeched as the errantest sans culotte in France; and that we should see him marshalling his troops at St. James's, and his banners proudly displaying, not "*nitor in adversum*," but "*cui adhæreo præest*." Both you and I, Sir, remember him a "*Preux Chevalier*" in the days of the American warfare, to him they were days of chivalry, and however he may disguise it to the sovereign whom he has insulted, and who has proved himself to be a king in dignity, by overlooking it, and a Christian in practice, by returning good for evil, I really do not think that our *gallant knight*, would have any very great aversion to a revolution, even at his time of life, provided he was allowed to conduct it.

Several pages are afterwards devoted to a comparative view of his pretensions to reward, with those of the Duke of Bedford's ancestor; but the application is as unjust as it is indecent. If the ancestor was living, and had complained that Mr. Burke had been *too largely recompensed*, it might have been excusable to have entered into the comparison of their respective pretensions; we should then have known the exact value of the lands granted in the time of Henry the Eighth, and which can alone enable us to judge how much the grant exceeded in value

value the pension allotted to Mr. Burke; but the gentleman was aware of the dilemma in which so much candor would have involved him and avoided it. It is unnecessary to inform you, that he commenced his studies under the Jesuits, and finished them with the Sophists. I very much doubt, whether the original grant exceeded in value the sums and pensions he has received at different periods. If it did not, his illiberal comparison in another place, falls to the ground. The being whom he describes to be an "*unwieldy Leviathan*," is reduced to a shrimp, and if any gentleman will compare the value of lands in the middle of the 16th century, and at the close of the present, they will be enabled to form a tolerable idea of Mr. Burke's malevolence, and of his talent at misrepresentation. I hope the Duke of Bedford has the good sense and magnanimity to despise such an adversary.

This rich, poor old man, this intoxicated dotard, has been taught to believe, by the servile flatteries of those who surround him, as well as by those *little great* men who imagine they have an interest in holding him up as an *idol*, that his name will act as a talisman on the public mind of Britain, and that all England will be charmed into an implicit confidence in whatever the *oracle* thinks proper

per to pronounce, however improbable, absurd, or contradictory it may seem! Sir, in the whole course of a life which, though not very far advanced on its journey, has, however, shewn me a vast variety of very whimsical characters, I do not remember to have ever met with so full-grown a spoiled child!

I very much doubt whether those will be pleased; who have hitherto considered Mr. Burke as the prop of their titles, and the only dike between the criminal views of a lawless rabble, and the peaceable enjoyment of their lawful property, for having made so illiberal an attack on the Duke of Bedford. Mr. Burke must mean, that his Grace ought to be punished for the faults of his ancestor, or rather for the vices and ignorance of the times he lived in, and that the whole landed property belonging to the family, ought to be forfeited, or he means nothing: there is no argument if he does not, and the whole of his unmannerly scurrilities, the very abortion of revenge! are reduced to a mean, and pitiful enumeration of historical facts, long since gone down the current of oblivion, and which, if true, have no more relation with the propriety, or impropriety of granting a pension to Mr. Burke, than the acknowledged mildness and equity of his present Majesty's character, has with the savage ferocity of Henry the Eighth.

If Mr. Burke says, that the Duke of Bedford in 1796 ought to be punished for the transgressions of Mr. Ruffel in 1550, the same rule of punishment ought to hold good for others. If an innocent posterity, is to be punished for a guilty ancestor, it is a fortunate circumstance for the gentleman who would try all mankind by an *ex parte* evidence of his own contrivance, and condemn them on an *ex post facto* law of his own invention, that he has no children; they might, with every claim to a better fate, have come to the gallows. But these are puerilities, and but for their malevolence, would be unworthy of notice. I cannot dwell on such nonsense. Crimes are personal, so should the punishment be. The gentleman in question, feeling for *himself*, may object, perhaps, to this doctrine: he may possibly have very substantial reasons for objecting to the *practice*, but I defy him to disprove the principle.

Let us analyse the conduct of Mr. Burke, as it relates to himself, and the Duke of Bedford, and see the result of it.

A Peer of Parliament, gives notice in his place, that he means to institute an inquiry into the propriety of a pension, which he thinks enormous, and perhaps illegally, as well as unworthily bestowed. The individual who is the
 2 object

object of this inquiry, instantly answers, (where he is alone competent to answer, that is, in the streets, and in booksellers shops, that the entire landed property of the Noble Lord, was an iniquitous gift from a tyrant King, who trampled on justice and religion, and levelled all distinctions; a robbery, committed by the Sovereign, on one subject, in order to enrich another. *Ergo*, the Duke of Bedford had NO RIGHT to make such a motion. Mr. Burke must mean, this or he means nothing. I will pass over the glaring impropriety of Mr. Burke's bringing such heavy charges forward, not so much against the monarch, as against *monarchy*; neither will I descend to notice the elaborate enumeration of impertinent egotisms, in all of which he details, with great pomp and parade, his own multifarious claims to distinction and reward. If the merit of Mr. Burke is of that superlative degree which he pretends, it required no foil; there was the less occasion to have had recourse to recrimination. His reading may have informed him, that in our municipal civil law, whoever recriminates, tacitly acknowledges their own guilt.

The motion is an implied censure on the Minister, for having recommended Mr. Burke to his Majesty, as an object deserving of royal favour; and some doubts are entertained that

the fund from which a part of his Majesty's gracious bounty is furnished, cannot legally be applied to such uses. A motion is made to take these matters into consideration. This, I conceive to be nearly the true state of the case. The first question to be examined is, whether a member of either House of Parliament, has a right to bring such matters, under the inquisitorial power of the legislature? If the right is indubitable, and I do not think it can be proved to the contrary, it is impertinent to censure the Duke of Bedford or Lord Lauderdale, for the motion that has been made in the House of Peers. In the man who was the object of *that* motion, it was something more than impertinence. The part that Mr. Burke has taken, amounts, in my opinion, to a breach of privilege, and he may, perhaps, owe it to the clemency of those whom he has insulted, that he has not been transferred from *Beaconsfield* to *Newgate*. There is a fortune that attends some men through life, from the cradle to the grave, and which, by its secret pervading irresistible influence, suspends all the functions of criminal justice. Mr. Burke, alarmed at becoming an object of Parliamentary investigation, reproaches the Duke of Bedford, with being descended from a man who lived in the middle of the 16th century, in other words, of having an ancestor, and this ancestor, he says, was accessory to the death
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of the Duke of Buckingham, who had obtained lands by unfair means, and who gave up Boulogne, when Ambassador, to negotiate a peace with France, from which followed, as Mr. Burke asserts, the surrender of Calais. When a man quotes history, he should be correct; inaccuracy proves ignorance, or malevolence. The Duke of Buckingham aspired, as well as the late Duke of Orleans, to the throne, and fell, because he had offended one of that class of men (Cardinal Wolsey) whom Mr. Burke is pleased to say ought to be *preserved* and *respected*, as eminently pious and good, but who however, are seldom known to forgive. Mr. Ruffel had as little to do with the murder of that nobleman, as Mr. Burke. I refer you, Sir, to the fourth volume of Hume's History, page 27, * for the particulars. As to the affair of Boulogne, Mr. Burke has been long enough conversant with high official situations to know, that diplomatic men must be guided solely by the instructions they receive from their respective courts; that they are, or ought to be, in respect to *will*, though not in regard to *talents*, mere automa-

* Rapin is also silent on the subject, and all the historians that I have met with, attribute the fall of the Duke, to the implacable resentment of the Cardinal. The assertion of Mr. Burke in contradiction to these authorities is a calumny, but admitting the fact, what affinity has it to the subject of his pension?

tons, and that they have no responsibility, as to the business, upon which they are employed; but this gentleman has a passion for misrepresentation; he has a wonderful facility in torturing argument and twisting facts, however stubborn, to answer his purpose: yet, admitting all that he has said to be true, what does it prove, as to the propriety or impropriety of granting him a pension? What kind of affinity have the offences of Mr. Ruffel, who lived near three centuries ago, with the legality or illegality of the pension on three lives granted to Mr. Burke?

Mr. Burke must be terribly afraid of receiving "*measure for measure*," or he would never have been so alarmed at the idea of his pretensions becoming the subject of parliamentary debate. A considerable part of his very extraordinary and mischievous performance, consists in a repetition of coarse and insipid abuse of the French revolution, of which I believe every body is heartily tired: the subject itself is odious and disgusting. But to what good purpose can it tend to ring these changes perpetually in our ears? It ought really, Sir, to become a very serious question with ministers, how far it is prudent to suffer a man so closely connected with them, to abuse a people with whom they must sooner or later negotiate, and with whom they have in fact declared themselves

selves ready to treat? From the countenance unfortunately given to this *worst of incendiaries*, he is judged on the continent to possess a degree of credit that he does not deserve, and an influence in our public councils, which I hope he will never obtain; for I am sure he would abuse it. He is not considered abroad "*as a desolate old man, retired from the world, and dead at once to its pleasures and affairs;*" they think very differently of him; and, that he is in full activity in the world, as capable, and as well disposed to do mischief, as ever he was, and while he is permitted to publish libels, and found the tocsin of carnage and universal warfare, they will believe, that his agency is countenanced, and that ministers do not wish for peace. The crimes and horrible excesses which the successive short-lived factions of the hour in France have committed, are, and must ever be held in the strongest detestation. We do not stand in need of Mr. Burke to demonstrate their enormity, or to make us loath, what our honest natures must ever revolt at; but it is the gentleman's favourite carrion meal with which he feasts and riots, morning, noon, and night. We understand the theory of morals to the full as well as he does, and in the practice of them, we certainly shall not take Mr. Burke for our model. As to the foul torrent of vulgar personal abuse of the Duke of Bedford and

Lord

Lord Lauderdale, on the subject of their political opinions, it does not become me, for a variety of reasons, to become their champion. I respect their rank and abilities too much, not to feel very sincere and deep concern at their obstinate attachment to an error, which it would be more manly and just in them to renounce, than to retain. I mean, as to the practicability of peace at this moment with France.

I have stated these particulars, not with a view to offend any description of men, for indeed, Sir, I have no animosity in my temper, but merely to engage them to union, for our common safety. The powers of algebra cannot calculate the force we should derive at this moment from union. A parliament **UNANIMOUSLY RESOLVED** to defend the honour, and maintain the interests of the country, until France shall be in a disposition to respect both, would accomplish wonders abroad, and it would insure tranquillity at home; the experiment is at least worth trying; in a word, Sir, the unanimity I recommend can alone produce that good, for which the gentlemen in opposition I believe very sincerely contend. It is in fact the only lever that can lift and place the inestimable blessing of peace within our reach. Pray Heaven that this well-meant admonition, this fervent exhortation, partaking
of

of the very essence and sublimity of all that is connected with patriotism, morals, and piety, may not be disregarded ; that those who are in Parliament, and those who are out of it, may *unite* and form a *firm phalanx* round the constitution ; that they may cling, like the ivy to the oak, in this hour of uncertain warfare, to their common father, and their parent isle ! Exhibiting to an admiring and astonished world, the glorious, animating, and instructive lesson of a nation, rising in magnanimity and in courage, in proportion to the danger that assails her ! By such a conduct we shall best prove that the "*conduct of France*" has been, not only in one respect, but in all respects, and in the full and most comprehensive sense of the word, "*a warning to Britain!*"

Concerned as I have been in some of the transactions of the times, and till lately in possession of an extensive correspondence ; acquainted, and in confidential communication with some of the principled actors in France, who only appeared on her crimson stage, to make the stain still deeper, and who passed *comme les ombres chinoises*, in rapid succession, a head shorter for their elevation ; I am enabled to speak with certainty, to the cause and origin of the war, which it has always pained me to

see so much mistaken by some, and so indecently misrepresented by others.

I assert a truth well known to many in both countries, that France sought hostilities, almost from the very moment that her unfortunate Monarch was dragged in scornful triumph from Versailles to the Tuilleries. All parties in Paris laboured to involve their nation in a war, with very different views I confess, but their direction was the same, and their zeal was in the extreme. The nobility and clergy wished war, as the only means of reinstating them in their prerogatives, their immunities, and gew-gaws; the King was taught by the succession of bad men and weak men, that approached him, to consider it as the means of restoring him to the throne from which the shock of the first assembly had loosened, and in some degree, even then, detached him; the moderate party desired war, as the means of crushing an overbearing aristocracy, and exterminating the Jacobins, whom they held in equal abhorrence, from the danger they had to fear from both, should either of them acquire the ascendancy; while the Jacobins, violent from principle, from their inaptitude for public business; their incurable sanguinary jealousy of all the intermediate ranks, between the peasant and the throne, and their irregular fatal ambition to direct

direct the vast and complicated machine of government, so very much beyond not only their competence, but their comprehension, were as clamorous as the rest for war, and were not easy until they obtained their wish and ruin.

The intrigues of all these descriptions of men are no longer confined to the port folios of foreign ministers and secretaries of state, and it is their publicity that makes me at a loss to account, for the charge, which is perpetually advanced against administration with so much vehemence and injustice, of having provoked the war. Believe me, Sir, that it was not in the power of the minister to have avoided it; and it is but a tribute due to truth, to assert it. Acquainted as I am with the very sanguine hopes that all parties entertained from the terrible calamity, into which they were impatient to plunge their hapless country, my surprise is, that the event, which Europe has so much reason to deplore, did not sooner take place. Each party saw no other road to power, fortune, and pre-eminence, the sole objects of their personal pursuits, but in hostilities. We all know, Sir, what powerful incentives to crimes, such motives are; that these incentives become the stronger, in proportion as laws, manners, and religion, lose their restrictive powers on the mind, and that

their effects are the more dreadful, when such men have obtained the object of their ambition.

With respect to the subject of peace, I have only to say, that in the temper, in which France was in the beginning of January, it is impossible to encourage so pleasing an hope. I do not believe that any mind in this country is so debased by meanness or despondency, as to be ready to consent to *an absolute cession of all the conquests which have been made on France and Holland—a solemn and unequivocal assurance that we would not meddle with the government of Holland, or with any wars in which France might hereafter be engaged.* Yet these were the disgraceful terms which were indirectly offered to Great Britain, and desirable, nay, Sir, necessary as peace may be, I do not think that the gentleman who lately made a motion in the House of Commons for peace, would venture, even if he was in power, to open a negotiation under preliminaries so degrading, insulting, and impracticable. I am sure the nation would not support him in it if he did, and if it had compelled the minister to treat under such humiliating circumstances, what would it have been, in fact, my dear Sir, but to have delivered him over, bound hand and foot, to the mercy of the French

French Directory, with the rich trust committed to his charge of national honour and national prosperity; in which are involved our liberties, domestic felicity, and the whole of the invaluable and dear-bought inheritance, transmitted to us by our forefathers? Whenever those on the other side of the Channel are disposed, and can venture themselves on peace—*Car la paix est encore plus difficile à faire que la guerre et surtout pour la France*—I am well satisfied, that ministers, sensible of the necessity of terminating a ruthless war, will cheerfully avail themselves of the favourable opportunity; but their being well disposed to make peace, is only an *advance* towards the desirable event; it is not the *accomplishment* of it: it is only half way; and unless France feels as well disposed towards the same object as this country does, I really do not well see how the great, the inestimable blessing is to be obtained. This subject is very awful, and presses a number of very important considerations on my mind, but I forbear to trouble you with them at present, for I must already have exhausted your patience, and abused your goodness.

I shall reserve myself until I see what Mr. Burke has to say, in another pamphlet, with which he has menaced us, and which, by its title,

title, (*Regicide Peace*) * threatens to out-Herod all that he has ever yet written or said, not forgetting the dagger scene in the House of Commons. I would, however, much rather, that he remains quiet, not only for the tranquillity and honour of our country, but for my own particular repose. Deprived by that stern decree which tears asunder the dearest and strongest ties of nature, of the companion of my youth, to middle age, and left to perform the worst and most painful half of the journey of life by myself, I have little relish for what are called the pleasures of the world; and having in a manner the same provocation to retirement, and the same cause of sorrow, as Mr. Burke, I would also quit the metropolis, for a cottage and a garden, where I could be secure and happy.—Mr. Burke, believe me, Sir, is not the only man, who has to mourn the loss of departed excellence!

The misfortune is, that his grief is not strong enough to subdue the influence of habit;

* Those who wish well to Mr. Burke, wish he would abandon his design, which they think will do harm. I believe that this opinion does not belong exclusively to his friends, the misfortune is that he is obstinate, and has actually a French priest very busily employed in translating it into French from his own MSS. This French priest, with the rest of this order, had better have spades in their hands, and learn to be useful.

but if his mind was capable of conviction against its prejudices; if it was disposed to receive good council, I would admonish him to crave pardon of an offended world, and make his peace with Heaven; he has no time to lose! He should confess, repent, and be forgiven, for the tomb awaits him!

I rely on your indulgence, my dear Sir, to pardon the many inaccuracies which must unavoidably occur in a letter evidently written in haste—whose object is to counteract a poison become the more dangerous from the unaccountable fashion of the moment, to consider Mr. Burke as the standard of truth, reason, and loyalty! It would be an endless labour to trace him through all the windings, and almost impenetrable labyrinths of his political history; but it surely can be of very little ultimate good to morals, to see such bare-faced apostacy honoured and rewarded!

Sir, my mind is weary with ruminating on the disgusting variety of inexplicable contradiction, which we behold in the conduct of human affairs: it is disgusted with the enmity that reigns, and with that ruinous and humiliating warfare which is everlastingly carried on between *precept* and *example*. We have one code of morals for *theory*, and another for *practice*! All this, perhaps, may be necessary,
to

to enable man to cozen man ; but, surely, Sir, it is unjust that those who have no such design, and abhor such means, should become the victims of their infantine prejudices, and be punished for adhering to the lessons of morality which they learnt in the nursery.

Mr. Burke has been the successful apostle of a different religion, and he has practised what he taught ;—I must, however, in justice to transcendent merit, confess, lamenting at the same time, that so much “ *greatness* ” should have been dishonoured by so much “ *inexactness*,” that he stands unrivalled in taste, eloquence, and erudition : his mind is a rich storehouse of ideas, collected and treasured up with wonderful care and industry ; a vast magazine, containing all that antiquity had hoarded, and that modern times have produced,

I have not the arrogance to pretend to an equality with him in either of these respects, but, knowing the irresistible superiority of truth over falsehood, tergiversations, and all the despicable arts of confirmed and well-practised cunning, I feel myself his superior in argument, and dare confide in the good sense and equity of my country for a verdict,

I have no doubt, but an outcry will be attempted against this publication, by the
partisans

partizans of Mr. Burke. They have the effrontery, Sir, to consider themselves as the best supporters of Government. I will never dispute their loyalty, but when they claim it as their exclusive property; I will give every man credit for wishing well to his country, although he may not think exactly as I do, of its ministers or of their opponents. To the partisans of Mr. Burke, and to those who know no other road to royal favour, than by servility and apostacy, I have nothing to say. I cannot descend to an altercation with people of that description, but of the world at large—of that independent world, with a mind capable of judging, and at liberty to decide—of that world, which may have fallen into the common error respecting Mr. Burke's force, purity, and importance, I have only to request the common justice that is due to all mankind—that they will read and reflect, before they pronounce, and allow me to repeat what was said on a far different occasion—
“ STRIKE, BUT HEAR ! ”

W. A. MILES.

To Henry Duncombe, Esq.

The

The following extracts from authentic records will prove, that Mr. BURKE has brought a very ill-founded charge against the ancestor of the DUKE of BEDFORD, as far as it relates to the sacrifice of the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, and the partition of his estates in the reign of HENRY VIII.

AS to the profusion of that Monarch's grants to the Earl of Bedford, the only proper answer to that charge, is to compare those grants with the following from King William to the PORTLAND family.

Extract from JONES'S INDEX to the RECORDS of Grants to the BEDFORD and PORTLAND Families.

TO THE BEDFORD FAMILY, BY HENRY VIII.

Ruffel (Jo.) Lord, divers lands granted in the counties of Hertford, Buckingham, and others.—5 Part of Originals, 37 year, roll 114.

And the manor of *Carysitipaine*, and other things, in the county of Somerset.—1 Part Originals, 31 Hen. VIII. rolls 72 and 29.

And the manor of *Dudington*, and other things, in the county of Northampton, late of Francis Lovell.—Originals, 30 Hen. VIII. roll 121.

And divers manors and lands in divers counties.—1 Part Originals, 33 Hen. VIII. roll 6.

And the manor of *Aston St. Abbott's*, and other things, in the counties of Buckingham and Suffolk.—2 Part of Originals, 31 Hen. VIII. roll 284.

And the manors of *Haverhill*, *Herfham*, and other things, granted in the county of Suffolk.—20 Hen. VIII. roll 122.

And the manor of *Lameworth*, and other things, in the county of York.—Same year, roll 121.

The



The manor of *Atton*, and others, in the county of Middlesex.—2 Part of Originals, 35 Hen. VIII. roll 26.

The rectory of *Inglecombe*, and other things, in the county of Somerset, granted to him and to J. Bifs.—9 part of Originals, 36 Hen. VIII. roll 86.

A grant in the counties of *Middlesex*, *Leicester*, and *Dorset*, to him and to Roger Clarke.—4 Part Originals, 36 Hen. VIII. roll 164.

GRANTS TO THE PORTLAND FAMILY.

A grant of the capital messuage called *Theobald's House* in *Cheeshunt*, in the county of Hertford, to William, Earl of Portland.—2 Part of Originals, 1 William and Mary, roll 53.

To the same William the King demised to farm a parcel of land in the palace of *Whitehall*.—Com. Middlesex, Originals, 8 William III. roll 22.

Another demise of lands in *Whitehall* to the said Earl in the same year and on the same roll.

A grant to him of the honor of *Penrith*, otherwise *Perith*, in the county of Cumberland.—Orig. 8 W. III. roll 37.

To the same, a grant of the manor of *Pevensey* in the county of Suffex,—same year and same roll.

Another of the manor of *Pattingham* in the county of York,—same year and same roll.

Another grant to the same William, of *Barnsley*, with the manor of *Dodworth* in the county of York.—Originals, same year and same roll.

A grant of the manor of *Grantham*, in the county of Lincoln.—Original, same year and same roll.

A lease of the manor of *Thwing*, in the county of York.—Original, same year and same roll.

A grant of the manor of *Terrington*, in the county of Norfolk,—same year and same roll.

A grant of the manor of *Dracklow*, in the county of Chester.—Original, same year and same roll.

Another

Another of the manor of *Rudbeath*, in the same county,—same year and same roll.

William, Earl of Portland, made ranger of *Windfor Great Park* in com. Berks.—Orig. 9 William III. roll 55.

A grant to the said William and his heirs, of certain lands in or near the parish of *St. Anne*, and other places in the county of Middlesex.—Orig. 10 William III. roll 31.

This work contains, in like manner, references to all the grants made by the Crown to different families, from the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. to the end of the reign of Queen Anne.

None of the land of the Duke of Buckingham was granted to the Bedford family by Henry VIII. but the same were granted to the following persons, viz.

Walter, Lord Ferrers; Sir Nicholas Carew, and his wife; Charles, Duke of Suffolk, and his wife, Roger Ratchiffe; Sir Lionel Gray; Sir William Sands; J. Rushbrooke; Thomas, Marquis of Dorset; Sir Richard Jermingham; Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; Elizabeth Harewell; Sir Henry Morney; Henry Norreys, Esq. John Scott; Henry Gulford; Sir John Gray; Charles, Earl of Worcester; Henry, Lord Stafford; and to Bulleyne, Tyler, Wingfield, More, Cardican, Dune, and Essex.

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FINIS.



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